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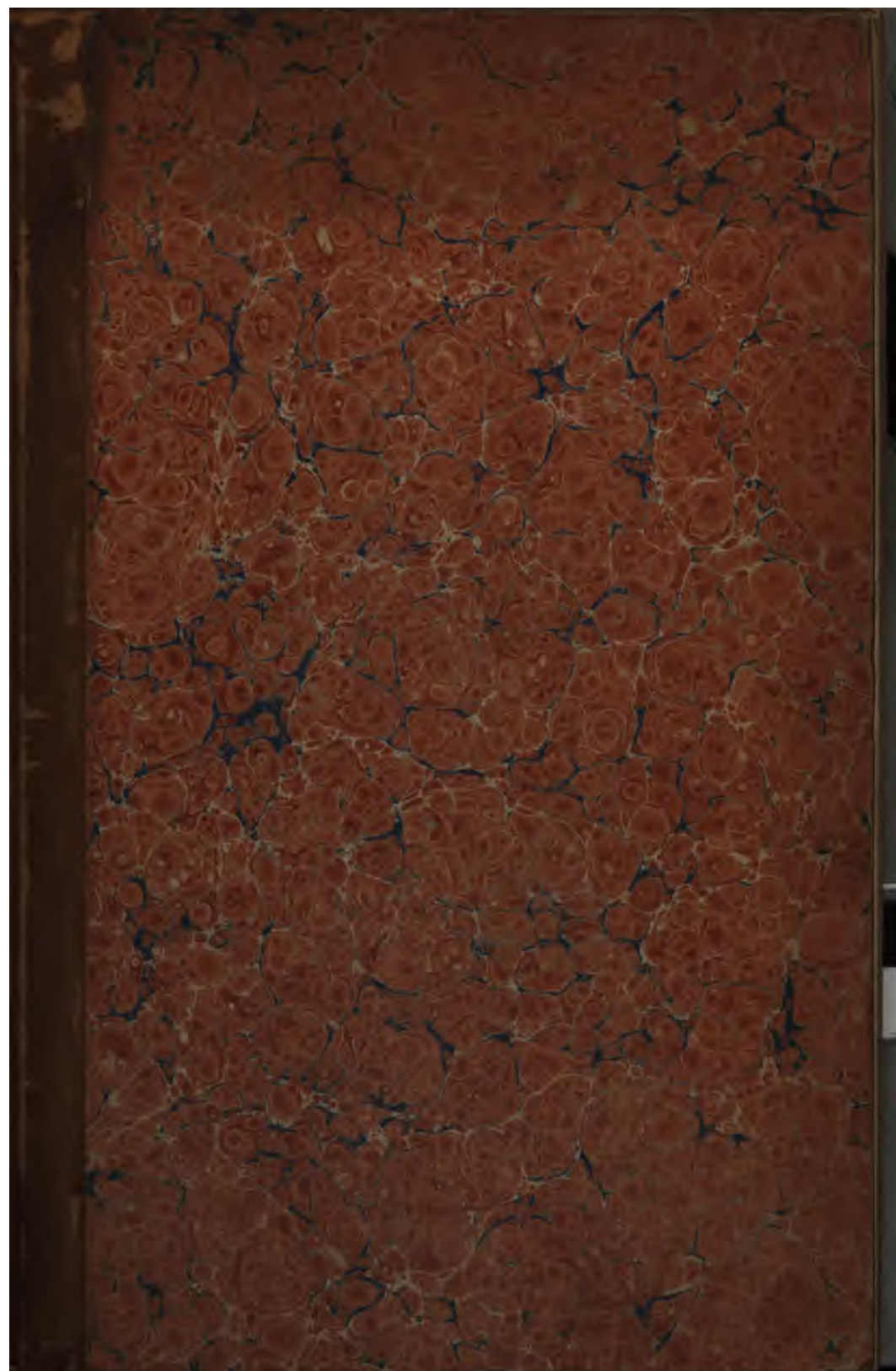
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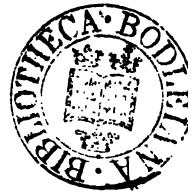


THE  
BROKEN LILY;  
OR,  
THE REVOLT OF NAPLES.

AN  
ORIGINAL DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY  
FRAS F. WILLIS,

(LATE OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.)



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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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LONDON:

WILLIAM STRANGE, (ALSO A. BLUE,) 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1846.

1675



## DEDICATION.

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TO

MRS. ELIZABETH SHERREN,

THE LADY OF HENRY SHERREN, ESQ.

OF WINTERBOURNE, DORSET.

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MY DEAR MADAM,

IN laying this little work at your feet, I do not do it to trench upon the kindness of your disposition, nor to call into play the knowledge you possess, by travel, of the manners of mankind, to overlook such errors as your kindred feeling may detect: neither do I do it to pour forth upon you that fulsome adulation which, in authors of high character, rather detracts from, in the eyes of sensible people, than adds to the character of the work. Fielding, in his inimitable novel, says "a man without money may as well starve in Leadenhall market as in the Deserts of Arabia." Such is a simile as regarding "friendship" in a large city. I will not rail against the world because I have met with insincere acquaintances;



faithless and unsparing servants, &c.—I look on them as chastisements, to force the open mind to a prudence in the choice of companions, and vigilance in private concerns. But, as regards friendship, a person launched upon the sea of a large city, resembles a bark with “breakers a-head” on “a lee shore,” dark and spiritless, when the life-boat of friendship, as it were, hovering in sight, the joyous ray of hope again illumines the horizon, the heart pulsates as the buoyant vessel rides o’er the waves of a tumultuous life. To record this has been my object. I have received from you, your husband, and all connected with you, such unequivocal marks of friendship, which I had no reason to expect or anticipate, that I could not help endeavouring to erect some little altar to that sacred deity.

When I served a parochial office, I was advised to do some repairs, to have my name emblazoned. I answered, if I write my name, I will endeavour to do it in characters which a brush shall not erase. I have no means of judging how far I may succeed; but if this falls dead from the press, or finds its way into the world, I have to hope that my gratitude, and how much you have deserved it, will form a prominent portion of its history.

Madam, I have too much respect for your good sense to finish this dedication with personal panegyric; one virtue, however, I will record—it is perhaps one of the most valuable to the female character, and the most conducive to a happy home; I mean the kind consideration towards the faults—if indeed they may be so deemed, of our sex. Men, from their position in

nature; from education, habit, knowledge of the world, or necessity of business, may sometimes seem to try the female patience; but the simple, kind word is then doubly kind, and any one enjoying the hospitality of your roof would feel at ease under the urbanity of your sound judgment.

I will only add, I should not have dedicated this to you, had not my friend Russell (to whom I am indebted for my likeness) agreed with me, that an attempt in a high walk of art, even by failure, was not held as a disgrace, but rather a misfortune, to those engaged therein.

In conclusion, may I hope that nature may shower around you her choicest blessings, and that you may ever continue to believe me

Your sincerely devoted,

Obliged, and grateful friend,

FRA<sup>s</sup> F. WILLIS.

LONDON, MARCH 19, 1845.

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## P R E F A C E.

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GENTLE READER,

I had written a long preface to this little attempt, to excuse myself for sending forth a play to the world during the so-called decline of the drama. This cry has, I think, prevailed some time; but, within these few days, I have seen in our suburban theatre, ladies in full dress availing themselves gladly of the gallery—the company of which would not (as far as conduct goes) disgrace aristocratic walls, to witness the representation of works of genius. The cry is answered; the blighting effect of the “star” system seems mouldering at the foundation, and the good sense of the English nation has now proved, it only wanted opportunity. It is true, at present, the mania has not reached higher circles; allowing that, their preference to singing and dancing saves them only the trouble of thinking.

It will perhaps be conceded to me, that a drama professing and being to the best of my knowledge original, has some claims to an unbiassed criticism, as dramatic authors have a wider range of imagination allowed them than other writings will permit of. The

theatre is justly described "The Mirror of Nature," reflecting back, and marking the character of the times by the means of imaginary beings, satire, allegory, sarcasm, the ill consequence and cowardice of vice, and the reward and unflinching integrity of virtue; so that a mind, working on such material, can but hope for 'kindness, and not too severe a scrutiny.

When I say above, that satire is one of the weapons of the theatre, I do not mean personal nor individual satire, but general. In the first act of this, the artizans' talk is intended to show the futility of tavern conversation, where each one sees only one point of a subject, and cannot grasp the whole. The speeches of the King and the Duke were intended to show how easy it is to write on either side of a question. The King proves the necessity and security afforded to the industrious by state burthens, and that those who devote their time to the state merit reward. The Duke, on the other hand, would show the state expences were too great, and to them ascribes the miseries of the wretched. Now, the King overlooks the burthens pressing most on the poor; and the Duke, how much the poor do to alienate the affections of the rich; and how much they do to sow the seeds of their own poverty.—This is what I mean by general satire. The speeches of Cupid and Hymen are of the same kind, and would illustrate how easily, in the marriage state, two people could be miserable without serious cause. Men, from "necessity of business," are often called from home, and on the return

"If but the means to keep were used that won,"

the tavern would not require to be called into action to ease the unquiet mind. So, if men would not be at

“ Taverns nightly revelling,”

how much pain would be saved to her who hopes

“ To see requited to her constancy”

the reward of her forbearance. This sort of satire also shows how much truth and error may be blended, and how candid the mind must be to separate them.

I have two remarks more: First, the words

“ Although the Pope himself

“ Were found to have offended in the same;

and

“ Archbishops may be rogues, and monks be knaves,”

were intended only, in the latter line, as the indignant exclamation of a man suspecting himself deprived of his birthright and patrimony: in the first, that the King considered, in a disturbed state, firm administration of the law as the only means to restore order; and is also the cue to his severity to Ferdinand in the Fifth Act.

My second observation is to explain, that this play originated from the murder of a CAPTAIN HARRISON some years ago (known to an excellent friend of mine) by pirates, between St. Helena and the Cape. Since then, I saw on the stage Banditti and Pirates converted into heroes and successful lovers, and thought I would write an antidote:—my original plan I found impracticable, and this took its place.

As regards the remarks annexed to this Play, they are the result of many years' practice, reading, and thought, and I hope they will not be uninformative;—so, gentle reader, I commit myself to your hands.

FRA<sup>s</sup> F. WILLIS.

LONDON, MARCH 22, 1845.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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### MEN

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THE OLD KING <i>of Naples.</i>	AN ENGLISH ARTIST.
HIS SON, <i>afterwards King.</i>	A MESSENGER.
CIPRIANI, <i>a Neapolitan Duke.</i>	FRANSESCO, <i>a Sicilian.</i>
FERDINAND, <i>his supposed Son.</i>	A CAPTAIN, <i>and sundry</i>
LUSARDO, <i>his Attendant.</i>	<i>Bandits.</i>
A LEGATE.	<i>A Sentinel.</i>
A RECLUSE.	<i>Sundry Artizans.</i>
CHIARINI, <i>a Tradesman.</i>	<i>Guards, &amp;c.</i>

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### IMAGINARY.

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CUPID.	HYMEN.
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### LADIES.

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MARINA, *Princess Royal of Naples.*  
CHARLOTTE TAYLOR, *her English Attendant.*  
ADELINA, *Chiarini's Daughter.*

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*Dancers, Attendants, &c.*





# THE BROKEN LILY.

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## PROLOGUE.

CUPID and HYMEN *before the Curtain.*

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*Cupid.* Fair Ladies!—It is a custom as old as the Drama, to beg your favorable hearing of a new Play; grant you that, the gallantry of the gentlemen making but due offering to your beauty, may, by the charm of your smiles, overlook its faults, and praise what may not be too bad to be condemned. I and my brother Hymen have two little parts to act to night: I am called the originator of love, my brother the consummator; so now in due character I would win your hearts in favor of our maiden play; and when my little brother comes with his little speech as an Epilogue, should you say the “Ayes” have it—then indeed were the gratitude of our Author wedded to your forbearance. Come, brother, your bow, all is ready,

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Cabaret Yard in Naples.

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*Enter FRANCESCO.*

*Frans.* Thus stand I in Naples, a spot where nature, with a liberal hand, has spread around the delicacies of her bounty, and the thunders of her power. Here, in season, we find the *élite* of the world; and here, with an open hand and a thoughtful mind, have I scanned the compass of society from the palace to the wretched garret, reaping for my pains but a mole's-eye peep behind the flimsy curtain that hides the scenes of a most villanous world. To crown all, now that my last ducat, seeks in my pocket in vain for its fellow, the sly dog Cupid has fairly enslaved my affections to one of the sweetest creatures whom the beauteous orb of day sheds lustre on. [*Noise without.*] Here come some of my living lessons; politicians of the first water; reasoners by rote, who think to know aught of what they say—the drudgery of brutes; they have each one note, which serves them for the whole gamut, and comes from a most capacious swallow. They are true barometers of a man's means; from the fever heat of their praise to the zero of their sweet breath, every one may tell how the tongue wags of him in the world: give them enough, all the wine in Naples were but a stream thro' them.

*Enter sundry Artizans.*

Good morrow, gentlemen.

[*Some together.*] Good day to you, Master Fransesco.

*1st Art.* How goes your love affair?

*Frans.* Well, very well.

*1st Art.* Well, it is a very bad well to be dull, because a woman has fine eyes, or to lose your mirth after the love of a sparrow's ancle. Do as we do.

*Frans.* And what is that?

*1st Art.* Join the people, and mend the state—'Tis time something were done.

*Frans.* Cannot each one mend himself; so mend the state.

*1st Art.* No, the government won't let them: they care no more for the people than for stale oranges; our distresses are only their nine pins, and they throw at us as they like. The Duke was right, we want cheap bread, low taxes, and a good return for our labour: Naples will never thrive till the people right themselves.

*Frans.* [*aside.*] Such is his note; he has not another idea in his head.

*2nd Art.* To school again, lad, I will enlighten you: of what use are cheap things, and not withal to buy them. There are too many of us: 'Twas said of old "we are too many to live one by the other," when people were but as the contents of a needle case—now, we shoal like herrings, and women will have large progenies come what will:—over-population ruins us; we want thinning, like turnips, and the Duke is the only man to suit us.

*Frans.* [*aside.*] Such is his wisdom.

*3rd Art.* That may be very well; I don't see it. She who breeds well doth the State much service. The more backs, the more clothes; the more clothes, the more work, and so the more pay. No, no, 'tis the taxes eat us up—what goes in taxes you can't save: the boy can't eat his cake and have it too. The Duke was the man: he said, the poor should pay nothing, have plenty, and no taxes—he's the man!

*Frans.* So, so.

*4th Art.* You are all wrong: in the first place, there is no such thing as dear, nor cheap.

*All.* Oh! oh! oh!

*4th Art.* Don't bother, for see: price of time and commodity, doth, like true scales, so balance, poise, and counterpoise each other, (wherein also taxes have their account) that value becomes but a degree of comparison; nor do our distresses come of breeding, tho' we multiply little tadpoles. One pair of hands should produce as much as one man's wants. It's machinery robs us of work; a lazy lout will now do as much as would give employment to hundreds. The Duke would have stopped it—he's your man.

*All.* So he is; so he is.

*5th Art.* Now, I conceive, by not knowing better, you come by these errors. A state shall thrive so long as men seek the public good before their own ends. Selfishness locks up a man's talents to his own profit, whereby the weal of the many suffereth—this is the first cause: the second is, over-education.

*Frans.* Say you so?

*5th Art.* Most assuredly—every street now hath its school. Your butcher will kill his lambs with a Latin quotation; and your baker keep his score with a line out of Ovid. Your uncombed clown learns me a few phrases, as, *chiar o'scuro*, breadth of color, distribution of light and shade, and so on; forthwith will he resolve me a Reubens from a Van Dyke; say if Correggio or Titian were the greater master; swear Turner leaves Claude in the dark; Etty the works of Tintoretto. Tells me Maclise cannot draw, and esteems himself a finished critic. Thus, talent like mine is driven out of the market, and clerkship is deemed a mill-horse.

*6th Art.* That is all very well—I say, poverty comes of tippling; I know it—I have not the ghost of a denier left.

*Frans.* Brevity, they say, is wit. Thy speech, Sir, is worth a bushel of reasons.

*6th Art.* I wish it were worth five crowns.

*Frans.* Go thy ways; thou hast a rich nose, if it hath brought thee a poor pocket.

*6th Art.* Then am I the wiser man; it having taken your whole head to do no more.

*Frans.* When I turn my brains to account, as assuredly I will, produce they no more in coining than thy nose—I will sell my wits for a copper sou. But have you heard the news?

*Several.* No, no; what's up to-day?

*Frans.* The Council, Clergy, and Peers, are called together; the old King resigns the helm of state to the victorious Prince; the Duke, and Ferdinand his son, are ordered up for sentence, so that the city is in a ferment.

*All.* [*Talking at once.*] Let us go and see.—We'll stand by the Duke—no tyranny—cheap bread—no taxes—no tax on ice. (a) [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—A Council Chamber.

*The KING, PRINCE, PRESIDENT of the Council, A LEGATE, PEERS, &c. CIPRIANI and FERDINAND guarded; HERALD, Attendants, and a Crowd, amongst which are sundry Artizans.*

*King.* Herald, stand forth, and here proclaim our will,  
 And royal pleasure, in that we have called  
 Our high and great Authorities of State,  
 With their sage Council, to assist our mind  
 Upon the late disastrous circumstance,  
 Whereby, in civil war, our beauteous realm  
 Hath without cause been sorely pressed withal.

*Herald. (reads.) Know all men, we, the rightful and lawful King of the realm of Naples, having with great sorrow seen rebellion and treason led on by a Noble of the land, do here procluin this same Nobleman the Duke Cipriani, his son Ferdinand, and others their accomplices, to have been convicted of the same in the due course of law, and now standing attainted in the penalties thereof. We further, in our declining years, feeling the cares and burthens of the state affairs, require a younger and a firmer hand to steer them for the advancement of the public good, have here prepared our act and deed to transfer to our dear and valiant son the crown, which, in lineal descent, becomes his inheritance. As he conquered by his valour, so we leave to his judgment the sentence of the rebel force. To this end this court we do convoke accordingly.* *We, the King.*

*King.* Come hither, son. Thou art a noble youth,  
 Heir to thy mother's virtue, and the strength  
 Which in his younger days thy sire did boast;  
 Tho' time hath sadly shorn his brighter parts,  
 And left him now a feeble, weak old man,  
 Unnerved for weighty deeds. Now thou hast done  
 A noble part in wisdom and in arms,  
 Whereby our fertile plains again assume  
 The hue of native industry and peace;  
 But late embrued with most discordant broil,  
 Whereby all men united do proclaim  
 Thy fitness for the cares of royalty,  
 And all the pains that lurk beneath the crown.  
 My Lords, this wreath,  
 Which ne'er again replace I on my brow,  
 I ever wore with much humility.  
 The sword of mercy have I ever used,  
 Whilst that of justice I would still keep sheathed.

This moderation yet was fitted more  
 For private than for public purposes :  
 The good felt curbed, whilst the unlicens'd roved  
 In wanton wickedness.—To alter which,  
 This trust, my noble son, I place on thee,  
 And counsel thee to use with moderation  
 The vast acquirements it brings in its train.  
 For this same Duke his cause is in thy hand,  
 And do accordingly.  
 Then, thus place I the crown, where may God long  
 In peace preserve it; and from which have I  
 Reserved but enough in state to keep  
 My rank as might become a nobleman;  
 So let all say—God save the King!

*[Huzzas and flourish.]*

*Prince.* My noble father, have my arms achieved  
 What every stage of military rank  
 In honourable course is bound to do—  
 Due service to the state. I am content,  
 So the fair realm of Naples reap the good!  
 For this same crown, whose great authority  
 Doth now devolve on me; heav'n is my judge,  
 I never viewed it with an envious eye,  
 Nor did my heart within my bosom pant  
 For higher honor than to be your son;—  
 Your faithful subject, loving you most dearly:  
 That, in the course of nature, should the cares  
 Of government fall to my lot,  
 I then would hold it, that the world might see  
 It were to serve the state, and honour thee.  
*King.* Still wise my son, might every father know,  
 The joy such worth as thine doth now bestow.



*Pres. Co.* Allow me, sir, to say, the legal deeds  
 Are all complete, whereby the sovereignty  
 Of Naples rests on you—the rest you know.  
 The conquerer you, will make you merciful;  
 But, as you sympathise the laws—be just.

*Prince.* Fear not, my Lord. Now Cipriani speak,  
 If ought you would upon the verdict passed,  
 In mitigation of its penalties.

*Legate.* Sir, I protest against this verdict.  
 This Duke is tenant of his Holiness,  
 To whom the acknowledged custom of the church  
 Makes him alone responsible; and I  
 For him claim his exemption, and appeal  
 Against your laws unto the Court of Rome.

*Prince.* A priestly tyranny I do not love.  
 This is a civil crime; our nation's laws  
 Shall have their force, altho' the Pope himself  
 Were found to have offended in the same.

*Legate.* This, sir, is bold, as well your majesty  
 Must know and feel, his holiness from heav'n,  
 On earth hath pow'r ordained o'er king or subject,  
 So to debar from bliss in after life.  
 To him each trembling knee must bow; nor you  
 Yourself could dare invoke the exercise  
 Of those dread pow'rs he stands invested with.

*Prince.* For what in dark eternity may come,  
 I will confide in that unsearched hand,  
 Thro' whom the countless worlds have life and being.  
 For mine, and my dear country's prosperous state,  
 My trusty sword and gallant-hearted troops  
 Shall be to Naples her best guarantee.  
 Say, sir, of what you must complain, that you

Unsheath the sword and turn the murd'rous edge,  
 Should know no use unless to brave our foes,  
 Upon our peaceful citizens; and let  
 Our soil soak up that blood—whose innocence  
 To heav'n doth plead t'avenge the injury.

*Cipri.* Of what do I complain!

My country's wrongs!—A lack of due reform:  
 Of peculation by the officers  
 And nobles of the realm; whose hearts, like pears  
 O'er-ripe, are rotten to the core and centre.

*Prince.* This is no answer, sir.

*Cipri.* No answer! then the kingdom doth indeed  
 With thunder's voice make answer for itself,  
 Whose poverty by mal-administration  
 Of its affairs, becomes to neighbouring states  
 A taunt and by-word. Our once verdant fields  
 Uncultivated lie, to satisfy  
 The maw of hungry landlords, who, at court,  
 Parade in mockery of our misery  
 With gilded show the fruits of th' heart's blood toils  
 Of our bold peasantry. Taxation too,  
 Excessive, grinds our factors to the earth,  
 And freezes up our industrious energy.  
 Our honest artizans to madness driven,  
 To see the lovely wife and helpless babe  
 Palid and faint reproaching them for bread!  
 Whilst here in Naples pampered soldiers strut,  
 Scorning the fountain from whence flows  
 The stream of pay to feed a lazy life.  
 Here are large armies, where  
 No enemy is near, unless indeed  
 Our love of darling liberty be one!

Within our bay lie floating armaments  
 Expensive and unnecessary;  
 To find for bastard sons of noblemen,  
 And sapling fools, a passable excuse  
 To justify the berths thus made for them,  
 To share the gen'ral plunder of our wealth :—  
 'Midst this career of moral turpitude  
 How fare the poor, or who doth care for them?  
 Their utmost boon, a badge of slavery!  
 Oppressed, borne down in body and in mind,  
 They groan for succour, and you give to them  
 Excessive imposts; and drive from our shores  
 Corn and all other helps, would ease their wants :  
 You first would see whole cargoes thrown away  
 Before their starving eyes—ere give them bread :  
 These grievances to cure, and many more,  
 Would take whole days to sum their number up.  
 I took up arms: the laws of God and man  
 Do justify their use, when words shall fail.  
 The gen'ral wrongs set right—right then were rule.  
 All power's the gain of force—praiseworthy ends  
 The means do render sacred—such I used.  
 Had I been victor, I had been the king—  
 The traitor you—so let your law proceed.

*1st Art. [aside.]* I will eat my bench if they find an  
 answer to so much learning.

*Prince.* Duke—now a duke no more :  
 Thine answer thy fell crime doth aggravate :  
 A special pleading to deceive thyself,  
 And to delude our citizens to evil.  
 'Tis true, all power is force—yet force of pow'r,  
 With nations civilized, is force of law,  
 Whereby the factor and the tiller of the soil

Find due protection: first, for person; then,  
 For wealth; and to accumulate the same.  
 So in our armaments by sea or land;  
 A nation unprepared with these—is none.  
 For foreign wares, shall we break down the dam,  
 Let in a flood, and native industry  
 See swallowed up!  
 Taxes, 'tis true, have ever been a sore;  
 Yet, by their means, the fertile soil is made,  
 In which the roots of liberty and peace  
 Strike deep and sure: nor are they but a rate,  
 And low per cent. on oft ill-gotten wealth.  
 For, doth the miser on his bed of down,  
 Know aught the toils and dangers of the fight;  
 See squadrons swept away,—or, in his blood  
 Lay weltering on the gory field, until  
 The hydrophobic tetanus doth rack  
 In direst agony his fleeting soul—no friend—  
 No wife—no sister dear, to wipe away  
 The clammy moisture from his fevered brow.  
 Such men you cabaret—brave politicians  
 Denounce as pampered soldiers!  
 Or would your tradesman in the monsoon mount  
 The gallant-top, amidst a jarring war  
 Of conflict elements?  
 The vivid lightning, serving but to show  
 The horrors of a scene, where one false step  
 Doth lead to an inevitable death:  
 Or would he mouth to muzzle stand unmoved  
 Amid the thunders of the broadside dread,  
 And face the foe that would invade his land?  
 Such heroes, yet you do begrudge the mite,

And scanty pittance of their pay; when maimed,  
 The small allowance in their country's gift—  
 Upon such slight pretences, you  
 Light up the torch of dreaded civil war,  
 Unhinge the portals, and unloose the bonds  
 Which bind society:  
 Unmuzzle crime, rape, rapine, murder, theft;  
 Depopulating villages; the sire  
 Pitch 'gainst the son; sad widows render wives;  
 Make children fatherless, and childless them  
 A treason less against the person of the king,  
 Than 'gainst the general happiness of man.  
 Your titles therefore we suspend,  
 Your lands do confiscate, and from the court  
 Decree your banishment.  
 That punishment be yet with mercy timed,  
 Your son, whom even as an enemy  
 All must revere and love, we pardon him,  
 And your lost privileges confer upon,  
 With the condition he remain an hostage  
 Upon parole within the palace walls,  
 To answer what your conduct yet may be.  
 Nay, not a word:—your duty, guards.

*[Exit CIPRI. guarded.]*

Now, honor'd sir, my arm,  
 And let the joyous chimes of Naples ring,  
 You lose no son, tho' Naples gain a king.  
 You, Ferdinand, on me will now attend,  
 And I will see you lodged befitting your estate.  
*Ferd.* I am obedient, sire, to your commands.  
 I yet would ask a favor; 'tis a simple one;  
 My friend, Lusardo, here, whose quiet vein

Of modest merriment aims not at wit,  
Doth smooth my life—let him attend on me.

*Prince.* So be it, if the young man will.

*Lus.* My lord,

It is the pleasure of my life to serve  
So good a youth—and heavy were the day,  
When he shall go, and me command to stay.

*Exeunt* OLD KING, PRINCE, PRES. COUN. PEERS, &c.

FERD. and LUS.

*1st. Art.* I never.

*Frans.* What is the matter, lad?

*1st. Art.* I'll never believe my ears again.

*Frans.* Your reason.

*1st. Art.* Every word the Duke said was clear as day-light.

*Frans.* Well.

*1st. Art.* Then the prince spoke, and he was just as clear  
as the other. Crighton was right; learning so alters  
people, they can talk on both sides, or either; and, like  
Parliament-men, no one knows which way they are.

*2nd. Art.* Sir, as true as you can fasten a sole to the upper-  
leather—the truth is thus: the Prince was right for  
himself; the Duke for ourselves; you know—every one  
for himself.

*1st. Art.* Oh! that's it.

*2nd. Art.* Of course, let's to the cabaret.

*1st. Art.* Will you go, Fransesco?

*Frans.* Aye; I will follow—[*Exeunt the Artizans.*

And, like wise poverty, will smile at that  
Offends my better sense: yet, like the bee,  
Will from these weeds of earth's degenerate soil  
Try to extract some honey-moral dear,  
To edify experienced knowledge with. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—A Garden in the Palace of Naples.

*Enter PRINCESS MARINA, and CHARLOTTE TAYLOR.*

*Princess.* It is a release, Charlotte, to escape for a time to the air—even from the gorgeous scenes of this joyous day!

*Char.* It is so, madam, for even the surfeit of delight becomes fatigue in the excess. The King, your father, appears, in laying aside the cares of the crown, to have found therein a source of repose and contentment.

*Princess.* Even so; yet was I right glad when the time came for the ladies retirement. There is a virtue in the custom, Charlotte; for wine makes men bold, and women kind, so that, but for this etiquette, our resolution were but a poor bulwark to our modesty.

*Char.* Should resolution fail, then, your Highness; would discretion come in a faithful garrison to the fortress.

*Princess.* Yes, a woman's discretion: yet tell me how is it you English ladies have in complexion and manners so great a charm over the gallant sex, that you win without effort, and conquer without intention?

*Char.* Your ladyship jests, yet with Italian breeding;—even your merriment hath the balm of compliment. Your Highness wins; but your high station forbids approach, so that the unspent arrow glances to the target of my humility.

*Princess.* Better still—who are these?

CUPID and HYMEN appear.

*Cupid.* We are but shadows to the fancy of your eye;  
And than the rainbow more ephemeral,  
And evanescent than the gaseous heat  
That quivers in the mountain sun.—My name  
Is Cupid—Hymen this my brother is,  
To-day we've spent in arguing of love:

My brother says, I wound unequal hearts,  
 But made for broil and strife, when they do wed.  
 I do say nay, my Lady—Ladies fair,  
 By splendour of attire and smiles do win;  
 To please, and to be pleased, both willing are.  
 They wed—reverse the scene. The tasteful robe  
 Becomes a *dishabille*: their lovely smiles  
 For cutting frowns exchanged; the absent sire  
 With harsh sarcastic speech is welcomed home;  
 Whilst wives in avarice unjustly make  
 Snug purses for themselves, altho' the strength  
 And marrow of their lords once ample means  
 Be paralyzed thereby.  
 They then exclaim, see what these sad men are,  
 And will not learn,  
 If but those means to keep were used that won,  
 The wanton ne'er would taste those honey sweets  
 Due but to wedded love.  
 Your fortunes are not so; and we will try  
 To warble forth your coming destiny.

*CUPID and HYMEN sing.*

Sweet lady, you are wise and true,  
 Still lovelier and fair;  
 Nor could a youth would fondly sue,  
 Another meet so rare.

Yet ere the sun his course hath sped,  
 A noble youth you'll see;  
 Who shall ascend your bridal bed,  
 And still most worthily.

*Princess.* Say you so!—go on, say his degree and quality.



CUPID and HYMEN sing.

He's true and brave, and kind will be,  
Nor fable do we sing;  
A Prince he's not, but greater he,  
Altho' he is not King.

*Princess.* A greater than a prince, but not a king. You deal  
in riddles—let not curiosity outlive patience—say more.

*Chal.* Their errand with you, madam, seems at an end.  
I will speak—my fortunes may be within their knowledge.  
Sweet rosebuds, now that you have said and sung good  
words and music to my lady, have you a sonnet left  
for me?

CUPID and HYMEN sing.

You, ere you quit this fairy grove.  
Your future love shall find;  
He too deserves a lady's love,  
Prove she but true and kind.

[*They vanish—soft music.*]

*Char.* As I live, they are gone!

*Princess.* Do I dream? Let me rub mine eyes. Charlotte,  
was this wonder more than a deceit of the imagination?

*Char.* I am awake, madam, I believe. If my eyes are not  
a cheat upon my other senses, one of the sweet cherubs  
passed through yon rose bush, but no leaf answered to  
the motion of a zephyr.

*Princess.* And methought one dissolved into the surrounding  
vapour, leaving nought but delicious music dying in  
the breeze. Let us see further. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

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*Enter FERDINAND and LUSARDO.*

*Lus.* Good, my Lord. How like you your cage, now that you have turned yourself round in it?

*Ferd.* But well, Lusardo, as here we have all that nature and art can do, to charm the sight, or gratify the taste. In thy company, time will glide smoothly, like a peaceful rivulet, calm, unnoticed, and unheeded—a simile of unpretending virtue. Yet could I fain weep for my father's sake.

*Lus.* For your father, my Lord, I could also lengthen the form of my visage in sorrow; tho' were mine living, I would seriously solicit the favor that he get me into no more scrapes than he could conveniently see me out of. For you and your father, you are as unlike as opposites can be, and a stranger would hold you a-kin as the fish is to the kettle it is boiled in. To be serious; think you not, my lord, they should cage us as the moderns do lions and tigers, in pairs: a brace of brunettes with sparkling black eyes would add a great charm to the beauty of this sweet spot.

*Ferd.* Think you not, they might get you into more scrapes than you could conveniently get out of?

*Lus.* Not a word on that score, my Lord!

*Enter CUPID and HYMEN.*

But what are these?—Two sweet May blossoms!—If my eyes have sensibility, did they not spring from the ground?

*Ferd.* Nay, to me they seemed embodied in the air.

*Lus.* Come, honey-suckles, let me kiss thee.

*Hymen.* Were the sensation of each tender nerve  
That heav'n hath formed concentrated in one,  
My form would still elude the tender touch.

*Lus.* I see thee, and hear thee, do I not?

*Hymen.* I grant it, Sir: but often in your sleep,  
Do you not fashion substance, colour, form;  
Hold converse with the fancy of your brain;  
Raise arguments, and answer them confuted.  
Such too are we, a vision to the mind,  
Fictitious converse holding with your soul.  
My business yet is with this gentleman,  
And thus I speak it. Sir, my name is Hymen,  
My brother's here is Cupid. We, to-day,  
Have ventured far in reasoning of love.  
In wedlock's jars he would excuse the men;  
Now let us see how do the men behave.  
Behold them smitten; see their sleepless nights,  
And dreams of those they love. They with their gifts  
Make fair ones fools, until at length they wed,  
With twice ten thousand plighted oaths of faith:  
Then see one solitary year gone by;  
'Non comes cross looks, stinting of moderate means,  
At taverns nightly revelling, and with  
The smiles of painted false-tongued fair ones,  
Gath'ring the harvest of those tender joys  
At home, their lonely love, in vain despairs  
To see requited to her constancy.  
You noble are, unlike to these, and we  
Will try your pending fortune to foresee.

---

*CUPID and HYMEN sing.*

You noble, wise, are just and true,  
 And ere the day is spun,  
 A lady fair will meet your view,  
 Will by your hand be won.

*Ferd.* You sing fair. Now, in the catalogue of her virtue  
 and fortune, how may I be otherwise blessed in this love?

*CUPID and HYMEN sing.*

Of soul her virtue is most rare;  
 She's fair as eye hath seen;  
 Than Princess more her rank doth bear,  
 And will in time be Queen.

*Ferd.* My love, be Queen! and is more than Princess.

*Lus.* No doubt, my Lord, she will be more than Princess  
 of your affections, and will be Queen of your heart;  
 yet these notes are like adding plum-pudding to an  
 alderman's dessert.

*Ferd.* If more you know, say on.

*Lus.* They are mute as marble. Stars of evening, let  
 the warbling of your dear voices harmonize to the tune  
 of my fortunes.

*CUPID and HYMEN sing.*

Your future bride this day you'll see,  
 And wed unto your mind:  
 If she prove faithful, you will be  
 The happiest of mankind.

*[They disappear—soft music.]*

*Lus.* Hear you music, my lord? Odds blood they are gone.  
 A will-o'-the-whisp is a fool to this: I'll ne'er dispute  
 legends again, tho' men swear the German pocketed his

own shadow, or that the school-boy carried home the rainbow to make a dress for his sister. Yet they prophesied bravely of you, my Lord.

*Ferd.* Nay, but I think your promise must compass the extent of any man's wishes.

*Lus.* Aye, aye, barring the enigma. "If," and "to be," are awkward terms to convert into realities. Your "ifs," "buts," and "I don't see whys," serve many instead of just performance, and are indeed the arches of the bridge over which thousands of most faithful promises in prosperity, travel in adversity rail-road pace to the lower regions; and, I beseech your grace, when these gilded shadows become golden substances, you banish such terms altogether; they are inventions of the devil himself—substance.

*Ferd.* We talk of shadows foolishly—let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Palace Garden.

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*Enter PRINCES and FERDINAND.*

*Princess.* I beg you, sir, to leave me—you are rude,  
To press a lover's suit upon my ear  
Without the form of introduction.  
It were not safe for you were we observed;  
And Argus-eyes are often more alert  
When least their needed, and your share of blame  
Might draw on you a heavier weight of censure  
Than you yourself might well anticipate.

*Ferd.* Fair lady!  
Could you but see yourself with any eyes  
But those dear lovely orbs—you for yourself,  
In sadden'd grief, would melancholic pine  
To love, where love must live and die uneased.  
Your form, your grace, the beauty of your mind,  
Hath so surprised the passion of my soul,  
That life hath no restraint could bind my words,  
Nor yet find words t'embody half I would.

*Princess.* This strain, sir, doth not well become a stranger;  
Your suit may give offence—you be non-suited.

*Ferd.* I, lady, scarce dare think I have a suit,  
Scarce dare trust to my thoughts, lest hope should fly me.  
Scarce dare look on you, lest my trembling eye  
Should to my soul convey delicious poison—  
There I should foster to my own destruction.  
If hope could yet lend me one gleaming ray,  
My heart and mind have not within their freight  
One speck would not become a gentleman.

A lady too, within whose spotless mind  
 No taint of evil ever found a place;  
 Would find no shade upon her honor cast,  
 Tho' bending to the utmost of my wish.

*Princess.* You do appear a gentleman, and such  
 Are welcome; have they, what is rare with men,  
 A virtue, to observe those laws of breeding;  
 The virgin cheek, the modest crimson blush,  
 Would ne'er illume, reproaching them the cause.

*Ferd.* Oh, beauteous madam! you  
 Are formed to charm mankind. I am no man  
 Of carpet-room complexion, but a soldier,  
 Delighting in the noise and din of arms;  
 Befitted more for strife amid the noise  
 Of turbulent assemblies, than to speak  
 Soft words of flattery in woman's ear.  
 So have I toiled along a busy world  
 Unscathed by love's attacks:—but here you seem  
 A fairy queen amid the air-borne charms  
 Of undistinguishable worlds, as tho'  
 This were a paradise, and you the pure,  
 Unspotted guardian of a lower heav'n.  
 Nay, nay, withdraw not this sweet lovely hand—  
 There is no fallacy in this dear hand!  
 It hath the substance of humanity.  
 Blood and pulsation! Oh, it were a sin  
 If such a form a vision were, to haunt  
 Insatiate adoring mortals with.

*Princess.* Sir, loose my hand; my thanks, you are too  
 bold,  
 And strange as bold, or why suppose, that this  
 My little body otherwise could be  
 But in the common source of nature sped.

*Ferd.* My sojourn here scarce calls an hour its age,  
 Within which time a fancied dream  
 Of sweet perfection passed before my mind  
 With fantasies of love,  
 And all-attendant greatness:  
 Whose purity divine hath thro' mine eyes  
 Sad captive made my heart, and bound my sense,  
 As when some fairy vision to the sight  
 Presents a feast of love and endless joy,  
 To make more gross the chance of wretchedness.—  
 These fleeting visions of the longing soul  
 Of beauty, grace, perfection, and of love,  
 Find place and substance in your lovely form!  
 A form to love—to lose—fatal for ever—  
 To win—delirious joy, and hope fulfilled.

*Princess.* Your fluency of word and compliment,  
 Oft undeserved, might gain upon a siege  
 The simple maiden fortress;—but I fear  
 These speeches you so touchingly deliver  
 Acquire their polish been often used.  
 I dare to swear, did it become my sex,  
 Your deeds and words run counter, and more maids  
 Have fed and loved upon your vows, p'rhaps false  
 And transient as a stamp upon the water,  
 Than might the world have knowledge of, and you  
 And your fair fame stand free of just reproach.

*Ferd.* No, as I wish my soul may come to bliss,  
 I ne'er loved woman until I loved you:—  
 That I loved you, could man do otherwise?  
 Your glass would solve in joyous extacy  
 For love, could but the brightness of your eye  
 Warm that the vivid flash from heav'n doth not.

*Princess.* Your pardon, Sir, I stay too long.



*Ferd.* My hand,

Unto the door.

*Princess.* On one condition, yes.

*Ferd.* A thousand! and altho' each one my life

Brought to extremest jeopardy,

Your word should be my warrantry for all.

*Princess.* My task, it is not hard; my terms are these:

When I your further progress do forbid,

You leave me, nor advance a step, nor for

Regard to me, nor for a wish to learn,

More than I shall communicate at will.

*Ferd.* As I in your esteem would still maintain

The rank and place a gentleman should hold,

Your wish is my command.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHARLOTTE TAYLOR and LUSARDO.*

*Lus.* Walk you at this pace—I will pace it no farther.

*Charl.* 'Twas your own choice, and contrary to my choosing—  
you have so far laid a contribution on your own exertions.

*Lus.* So ladies say, who run that men should follow.

*Charl.* Sir, you are saucy. I would rather you would follow  
your own business than despoil your goodly boots in my  
track.

*Lus.* In following you, I follow mine own business, which  
is, to love; your's being, to be beloved. I must needs  
forward both of our business in following you.

*Charl.* Then, Sir, I wish your thoughts would beget some  
other affair.

*Lus.* My affair is to beget with you.

*Charl.* What?

*Lus.* Love.

*Charl.* You have not my word to beget love, or any thing  
else, with me at present.

*Lus.* This tilting of words is worse than an affectation of wit. You tripped so lightly I fancied Venus had dropped a choice beauty of the air, that we might in vain seek to match her excellence. You glided in beauty and gracefulness o'er the lawn; nor could I realise any other thought, than a fairy hand had given shadow to some nothingness—to show in form what we would that women were.

*Charl.* Thanks to my mother, I am as far a poor mortal as flesh and blood could make me.

*Lus.* So I would be your shadow.

*Charl.* To follow, courtier-like, as shadows do, but in the sun-shine.

*Lus.* Sun, moon, and stars, may set; but, by the light of the constellation of your beauty, I would still be your shadow.

*Charl.* No more of this.

*Lus.* You are a foreigner?

*Charl.* Sir, of England.

*Lus.* Your city?

*Charl.* Bristol.

*Lus.* That such a tree could yield such fruit!

From henceforth then shall Bristol be,  
The brightest gem of earth and sea!

*Charl.* Surely you men suppose the vanity of self-esteem is the summary of woman's perfection, and presume the look of their affections is at command, to be picked by the key of your flattery.

*Lus.* To say I flatter you, is to deny me the common attribute of humanity.

*Charl.* How so?

*Lus.* To say you are fair, 'tis true; graceful, 'tis evident; of good figure and gait, it is a truism; of beauty, commensurate with expectation, it is most palpable; as per

following inventory: hair, glossy and rich as the autumn grape; eyes, beaming wisdom and soft love; a mouth, speaking sweetness and breathing the perfume of Arabia; a chin, gently bending towards greater beauties; cheeks, blended in the softest hues, and blushing at their own modesty; lips, gently swelling like the bursting rosebud; a nose, prettily standing a judge arbitrator between these perfections.

*Charl.* I pray you take breath, or the fertility of your tongue will overrun the speed of your intentions.

*Lus.* Not until it hath outrun you. I have not half done—when charms like yours shall exist, and not breed commotion for possession, I am to look for the reason. The poets praise one for majesty—like the swelling sail; another for grace, as the flowing wave; another for ease, as the panther's motion—you are all these. The famed of the antients were in comparison to your attainments, bug-bears. Hebe, Jove's milk-maid; Danae, a grey-eyed mercenary—to whom a shower of gold became affection's best reasoning; Europa, an odd runaway; Leda, a black-haired voluptuary—yielding the first harvest of her charms for the vapour of a few sighs; Helen, an African; Laïs, a squaw; Venus herself, to look on you, becomes bilious, red-haired, hump-backed, and possessed of a most fascinating squint. Paris disproved his fore-knowledge, or he would have bequeathed the apple for you, since none else have merited it.

*Charl.* Did you learn these speeches of a player?

*Lus.* Nay, sweet, they come, extempore, warm from the heart;—tongue will give vent, and the truth will ooze out.

*Charl.* Then, should you print your thoughts, they were yeast to the dough of a romance writer's brain.

*Lus.* Trifle not—I love you dearly.

*Charl.* As you do all women: one, because she's fair; another, because she's dark; a third, because she's neither:—one for her eye; one for her heel; another for her embonpoint—so that your camelion-love takes by reflection the colour and reason to suit your taste to your opportunity.

*Lus.* This badinage will not do. To see you is to love; to love you, is to be adamant to all your sex.

*Charl.* Your Italian love is, I fear, a type of yon mountain;—fire and vehemence, leading to ages of cold repentance.

*Lus.* The fire of passion over, like the mountain, leaves a genial heat, that buds forth for ever the fruits of eternal spring.

*Charl.* Leaving the fruits of your love a burthen upon your lover's faith, whilst ever and anon you seek fresh food for your passion.

• *Re-enter* FERDINAND.

*Ferd.* So, so, Lusardo, *tête á tête*, and hand and glove with a lady!

*Lus.* True, my Lord, as you see. The air here breeds nought but dulcet music, whilst the clouds drop beauty and love.

*Charl.* Gentlemen, I am commanded, farewell!

*Ferd.* One word, fair lass. Who is yon lady to whom you yield so prompt a duty?

*Charl.* You are, honored Sir, if she give you her ear; and it were travelling beyond the vocabulary of my duty to give you her name. [*Exit.*

*Ferd.* A fair wench, as I live.

*Lus.* A perfect Aspasia, my Lord.

*Ferd.* The wanton?

*Lus.* Nay, nay, the Aspasia of Cyrus: her beauty rare; her wisdom unmeasured; and her wit (say all I could) fairly tripped up the heels of my understanding.

*Ferd.* You praise her according to the acceptance of the world, and yet methinks not well—though indeed the comparison and parallel of the matter gives pungency to the word; for see, Lusardo, the wisdom of a woman is, to please: be her knowledge or beauty never so rare, a roving husband doth reproach her with having more wit than her tongue can curb, and more charms than her vanity will let her carry with discretion.

*Lus.* Be that as it may, my Lord, my love for this gipsy is unbounded:—like the sea, it sucks up all the streams of expectation, and the hope of fancy still lacks satiety. By St. Rosolia, the vision was no cheat.

*Ferd.* And so say I, Lusardo, that our eyes  
 Were not the victims of a faithless phantom.  
 A thousand feelings, each the other giving  
 The contradiction, cross my heated brain.  
 This place!—that form!—lay still my beating pulse.  
 O, I have women seen in gold attire,  
 With smiling lips, obsequious to a fault,  
 Smirking and pouting; now, behind the fan,  
 Throwing quick glances for a foolish heart:  
 Yet all their arts fell like to me, spent arrows,  
 Far short the aim. This lady I have left  
 Surpasses knowledge of fair excellence:  
 'Tis not her beauty, form, wit, any thing  
 I know particular for admiration,  
 To say, for this, or that, I love:  
 And yet I do.  
 Hea'vn surely hath decreed I should once love;  
 And this sweet lady hath within my heart  
 Brought home conviction, there is female worth  
 Can curb and smooth the turbulent desires  
 That lurk within my bold ambitious soul.

This is not all; I oft have told to thee,  
 And for my pains reaped from thee sportive jests  
 Of places, things of pomp and circumstance,  
 That in my course of life had been beyond  
 The pow'r of possibility, which still  
 Held in my mind remembrance  
 Substantial as that now I stand and live,  
 And not a dupe to foul disordered dreams.  
 Oh! I have dreamed a dream, if dream it were,  
 In this same garden, of realities,  
 Of splendour most unrivalled; *fêtes uniques*;  
 Of flattering lords, and menials deck'd with gold:  
 Royal salutes, ships dressed with streaming flags;  
 Myself and playmate, styled as future kings:  
 Gay carriages and six, and wisest heads,  
 Uncovered as we passed, amid a rabble shout.  
 Then as the *tempest-scene*, in mind these shift,  
 Till I became the object of a strife,  
 Wherein one fell that seemed to aid my cause;  
 These dreams, or fancies, call them as you may,  
 Here fail me, and as riddles are the rest.

*Lus.* Then may I hope your fortunes may improve them-  
 selves on your present seeming trouble, as oft men's good  
 flows from their apparent evil.

*Ferd.* E'en be it so. In Paris they do say  
 I first drew breath; that the sun of Italy  
 Ne'er warmed my life until my boyhood's age:  
 The proof is not so;—on that spot I left  
 Yon lady, is a fount of workmanship,  
 And of design so rare, it were scarce matched  
 By our Canova's hand:  
 A Neptune in the flood, whose ornaments  
 Comprise a lily in their beauteous work.

This lily is a wonder! as it gives  
 Solidity to all my wandering thoughts.  
 That I once brake this lily to my mind,  
 Light is not clearer, nor the sun more true:  
 Wherein I do remember  
 In vivid truth ev'ry particular.  
 'Twas done in company of some young child,  
 Of age and bearing much like to mine own.  
 I thought 'twere prized, and my young eyes  
 Gave out a wat'ry flood of tears, lest I  
 Should draw upon me anger for a fault.  
 They call'd me *Highness!* bade me not to weep,  
 As on the morrow it should be repaired.  
 There stands the fountain, and the lovely weed  
 Restored from this my playful accident!

*Lus.* Then, my Lord, your thoughts have some ground  
 and reason, and memory faithful to facts may yet merit  
 your thanks.—This should be seen to.

*Ferd.* It should. Come, I will point out the spot.

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SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

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*Enter KING, PRESIDENT of COUNCIL, and Attendants.*

*King.* What is the news, my Lord?

*Pres. C.* The rabble's noise,  
 Sire, still increases since the sentence passed  
 Upon the rebel Duke. Like to the roar  
 Of some unloosed tempest, whose dread rage  
 In one destruction sweeps its mighty course;—

They match its tumult. Each one being armed  
 As best could suit his individual purpose,  
 Sends forth from out his coarse distempered lungs  
 Low filthy execrations for your life:—  
 Unless, indeed, all their complaints be heard—  
 Their rights protected—and their taxes eased:  
 The watchword  
 Is, liberty and justice for the poor!

*King.* Oh! villanous; and still more mean abuse  
 Of heavn's fair gift of speech. For see, my Lord,  
 How many smooth-tongued knaves, to gain some place  
 To work their own, or spoil their country's good,  
 Bore into people's minds some fancied wrong,  
 To make the ignorant a stepping-stone  
 To mount their rampant fortunes from;—which gained,  
 Coriolanus' pride would not despise,  
 With half the scorn, those greasy, upthrown caps,  
 The means by which they rise. Yet say, the troops  
 Affected,—how stand they amidst this uproar?

*Pres. C.* Both true and faithful to your person.  
 They are unshaken by the bold harrangues,  
 In which the demagogues lay to the court  
 And government—the cause of all distress;  
 Whilst they, emboldened by the echo coarse,  
 Reverberating to their factious brawl,  
 Impress upon their ignorant listeners,  
 All that they say is right—all that you do  
 Is wrong.

*King.* So thus, a just and virtuous king,  
 Who shall with firmness hold the scales of justice,  
 Guarding the poor within the rich man's fangs;  
 The rich against the blinded multitude,  
 Deserving to be feared as well as loved;



May have this smut upon his merits cast,  
 By means of groundless imputations  
 Sown in the minds of men unused to think,  
 Or fathom aught beyond their own affairs.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*King.* Your business, Sir!—you are affrighted.

*Mess.* Fear, in your service, Sire, I never knew:  
 But speed will steal our breath—so it hath mine.  
 I have it in command,  
 To bring these tidings to your Majesty:  
 The rabble gains at once in noise and force,  
 And cry “*no tax on ice*,” or death unto the King.

*King.* Why come they not, as loyal subjects do,  
 With their petition, and unto ourself  
 Disclose this grievance, as they know  
 Access unto our person is most easy.

*Mess.* That course, Sir, would not answer to the views  
 Of leaders without principle—whose gain,  
 Is more in agitation, than to bring  
 Into the face of day the wisdom and  
 The virtues of, I hope, your happy reign.

*King.* Say on.

*Mess.* The troops so pressed on ev’ry side, their minds  
 And ears by traitrous discourse thus poisoned;  
 Whose force and tenor they scarce comprehend;  
 Have so far yielded to the gen’ral cry  
 As to retire to the *Castello*,  
 Thus leaving our fair city and its peace  
 Sole at the mercy of the Lazzaroni.

*King.* So far, so good. How fare the rifle corps  
 Now quartered at *St. Elmo*—How say they?

*Mess.* As Spartans and the Romans did of old;  
 Or, as the British of more modern days,  
 They stand as mute as statues:  
 Each from his officer awaits the word  
 Shall free the fairest city of earth  
 From the disgrace, that such a rabble noise  
 Should hold it in subjection.

*King.* It is well;  
 My Lord, we will retire, and orders frame,  
 Shall quickly wipe this stigma from our name:  
 Attend us, Sir, you shall convey the same.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in CHIARINI's House.

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CHIARINI, FRANCESCO, *and* ADELINA.

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*Chiar.* I beg you, Sir, no more to haunt my doors,  
 One answer should in reason be enough;  
 Few words are wit, and less are business;  
 Many a nuisance worse than what I hate,  
 To have paraded to my constant sight.  
 My daughter, Sir, is not for you, I say  
 You lovers love like hungry birds of prey—  
 A fortune is the carrion of your eye:  
 A mirror in a golden frame reflects  
 Pretended virtues, otherwise your sense,  
 Blind as the mole, would never have discovered:  
 Therefore begone, my daughter's wealth you seek,  
 And found—you'll find the means to squander it.  
 Go, come no more, and I may love you better.

*Frans.* Your wish is hard, and your opinion worse—  
 It doth me wrong. Your daughter, whom I love,  
 I love but for herself, and all your wealth  
 Hath not to me a charm could make me sigh,  
 To wish you one jot less, and I the better.  
 In this sweet casket is my sum of hope,  
 From whose high sense and virtue would I form  
 My life a model from her own.

*Adel.*

Dear father,

Be not to him unkind: indeed, he seeks  
No 'vantage to himself, nor hath made use  
Of my indulgent ear, to build his own  
Improved fortunes on my tenderness.  
He means me hon'rably, and his words  
Bespeak the action of an honest heart.

*Chiar.* Thou art a fool! for what is honesty!—

A tool for knaves to play their game withal.  
The honest man thou hat in hand shall see,  
Unto his former menial begging use  
Of that, his keener wit hath wisely turned  
From out the current of his better days  
Into the flood-tide of this new made fortune.  
For honor! will it deck thy bridal head  
With Brussel's-point, or Lyon's-silk thy back:  
Find equipage and gold bedizened grooms;  
Build palaces to lodge thy progeny;  
Or make a rabble bend the humble knee?  
No, rather will it in thy furrowed brow  
Sow deep the fretting seed of wasting care,  
And there proclaim thy begg'ry is the cause.

*Adel.* So would I rather with him I esteem

Brave low humility, than loathsome share  
My maiden couch with one that hath no charm  
But in his gold—disgusting for the rest.

*Chiar.* I say again, thou art a fool. Thy mother

I so esteemed, but thou surpassest her:  
Unto thy chamber hie thee, and an hour  
Let not go by, until thy woman wares  
Be packed and ready, for within that time,  
With me thou'lt find thyself upon the way  
To our estate in Monte Nuovo.

For you there is a way to please me, Sir,  
 But rid me of your presence, you'll succeed,  
 Nor pass my doors to hunt this graceless girl  
 Till you two thousand ducats call your own,  
 To prove her folly weds not a fool,  
 To earn repentance in a dow'rless school.

[*Exit.*

*Adel.* Fransesco, pardon me, he is so harsh,  
 My father yet he is, and means me well.

*Frans.* I do believe it; and my greatest care,  
 Is that one care on my behalf you know.  
 My mem'ry—ever faithful to her task,  
 Yet turns my eyes unto a time gone by,  
 When our two fortunes had been better matched;  
 But that my father's substance and his fate,  
 Like mists dissolved, are gone, and not a trace  
 Is left to yield one comfort for the rest:—  
 Possessed of that, or countless times the worth,  
 At your dear shrine I had the off'ring made.

*Adel.* 'Tis well, and we must hope—but part we must!  
 You heard my father's word, nor have we now  
 The means whereby we could withstand his will.

*Frans.* 'Tis true, tho' I could wish it otherwise.  
 But in my absence to your tender mind,  
 Paint me as I am, doating on your love,  
 And cherishing within my burning heart  
 Your dear loved memory, until the ground  
 On which you stand, and things inanimate  
 Around you, seem to court a jealousy  
 It might be deemed unmanly to avow.  
 Then give me this one consolation,  
 You will not wed another.

*Adel.* No, till you  
 Give your consent.

*Frans.* Thanks, sweet; give me one proof.

*Adel.* What would you have?

*Frans.* Oft in your buoyant hours,  
 How have I feasted on your dulcet strains  
 Whilst gently warbling in the noontide shade.  
 Cast as I am upon a busy world,  
 Where to the needy ev'ry door becomes  
 A barricadoed fortress, and the rich  
 Luxuriant viands a Sahara desert,  
 Say to what shifts necessity may drive  
 My most uncertain course, when I shall sing  
 This line of the old song

"We've lived and loved together!"

You will reply,

"I love thee tho' we sever."

And from that token I may then aver,  
 You will await until such circumstance  
 Shall in development itself explain  
 What otherwise might seem a mystery.

*Adel.* I do agree; go, thrive—heav'n speed ye well.  
 This parting, tho' we part indeed with pain,  
 May it enhance the bliss to meet again.

*Frans.* With this dear kiss, farewell—my love—my hope!  
 Sun seems to set, the heav'ns in mist decline,  
 Nor charm nor beauty's left, bereft of thine.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

*The KING, and PRESIDENT of COUNCIL, attended.*

*King.* How now, my Lord; what news is there abroad?  
 Hath peace again resumed her wonted sway,  
 So that our loyal citizens  
 May quietly resume their industry,  
 Nor farther fear the evil consequence  
 Resulting from a scene of wild disorder?

*Pres. C.* My information, Sire, doth speak all well.  
 A messenger with strict particulars,  
 Must now be close at hand, to make report  
 Of what hath latterly transpired—he's here.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*King.* Your errand, Sir—be brief.

*Mess.* Your orders, Sire,  
 Unto *St. Elmo* for the rifle guard  
 With all due speed I bore.

*King.* And how sped they?

*Mess.* As you could wish, as, upon the receipt,  
 They direct to the *Prado* bent their march,  
 Upon which spot the turbulent had met.—  
 A mut'nous cry arose at their approach,  
 Which was in calm and passive silence borne;  
 This still with missiles was followed up,  
 Till sev'ral met a death inglorious:  
 At length, some trait'rous cur, with level true,  
 Their Colonel lifeless stretched before their eyes.

*King.* And is he dead?

*Mess.* He is.

*King.* Oh! there, my Lord,

As brave a soldier fell, as in the field  
 E'er fac'd the foe, to win his country's cause.  
 He had a noble mind, and talents rare,  
 Yet carried them so modestly and mild,  
 The barren looker-on would scarce suppose  
 So wise a head and brave a heart were hid  
 Beneath a mien of such humility.  
 Go on.

*Mess.* On this, the officer next in command

Thus gave the word: Steady, my men, and fire:  
 Whereon, with head reclined, and rifle up,  
 The troops a volley sent, and ev'ry ball  
 Became a messenger of death. The mob  
 One moment panic-struck, amazed stood;  
 The next, like dust before the hurricane,  
 Took to their topmost speed and fled:  
 The milit'ry pursued them to the gates,  
 Restoring thus the city to its peace,  
 In which it doth remain. The last account  
 Brings, that the Duke encouraged hath the mob  
 To join the bandits on Nuovo Monte,  
 To menace Naples there, and with their arms  
 T'enforce upon your Majesty such terms  
 As in their pow'r they think they can command.

*King.* Good heav'ns! What do these men mistake  
 me for?

A law-giver for dog-carts, dustmen's bells,  
 And sweeps, at self-styled women-saint's suggestions:  
 As I do live, they'll find in Naples' king  
 A man not of human nerve, to split



For base expediency, the simple breadth  
 Or substance of a hair, to turn aside  
 The man, would dare to brave him to the field.  
 You may retire.

[*Exit MESSENGER.*]

My Lord, I have bethought me,  
 These nests of bandits on our beauteous hills,  
 A nuisance is of which I will be rid.  
 First, do they not the foreigner impede,  
 Whose wealth in Naples spent, to Naples is  
 A fertile vineyard, yielding golden crops.  
 And then they stamp the brand of infamy  
 Upon the forehead of our fame, since here,  
 Within the market-place, in open day,  
 Their vassal poignards strike at every bidder,  
 Until our neighbours think Italian justice  
 Hath neither arms nor legs, nor even eyes.  
 They now add traitor to the name of villain:  
 Myself, I with my gallant riflemen  
 Will 'vest the mount, and ill betide the man  
 Is bold enough to stop me on my way.

*Pres. C.* 'Twere, Sire, both wise and just:—mercy,

'tis true,  
 A gem is held upon the diadem;  
 But justice is a mercy to the just.  
 The criminal, in his atrocious mind  
 Unto the innocent within his fangs,  
 Doth show the mercy of the starving wolf:  
 To show it him his victim doth become  
 The only suff'rer from his murderous soul,  
 Whilst with a shameless face he brazens it,  
 And feels a pride to find false public taste  
 Doth breed a sympathy to the award,  
 And a foul wretch doth feel himself a hero.

*King.* 'Tis well, my Lord: attend you now on me,

I will a proclamation make, and find

Some fitting person to convey the same;

At the same time

We will in every matter stand prepared.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

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*Enter PRINCESS and CHARLOTTE.*

*Princess.* What, you feel no signs of love?

*Charl.* No, Madam, indeed that I perceive.

*Princess.* What, no turning in bed; no want of sleep; no wishing it were morning?

*Charl.* As I say, Madam.

*Princess.* You have a heart of marble.—You are a pure icicle of love, congealed in a northern winter, which our genial sun could scarce dissolve, not to doat on so proper a man.

*Charl.* The youth is proper enough; a very smart youth, but so are thousands. Say this man hath a noble gait; another, a fine front, lip, eye, or any thing; say this man is brave; another bold, wise, daring, ambitious, chaste, thriving, or having, separately, the outside bearing of inward virtues, whereby woman's love be most attracted; yet his match and fellow shall be but his shadow's distance behind him.

*Princess.* You are a cucumber; nor wonder I your nation become such ardent worshippers of wealth seeing the softer passions can scarce find a corner to locate in your affections. Was he not gallant enough to whisper some soft words might gain upon your fancy?

*Charl.* Oh! yes, a thousand—his words were all honey, and dropped faster than the waters of Terni. He has all the flattery ever lavished on woman at his finger ends; and tho' I will not own I am wonderfully bewitched, I think he might pass muster with most men.

*Princess.* So it is—is it?

*Charl.* And little enough, compared with your Grace, who, in so taking on, risks thereby your matchless station, and in which creating surprise, would leave reason acquitted for want of judgment.

*Princess.* Oh, Charlotte! station and circumstance are but externals, beneath which lurks still the fond warm-hearted, confiding woman. Oh! yesterday was a feast of love, on which memory might turn back with delight for ages.

*Charl.* Know you, my lady, who he his?

*Princess.* He is a gentleman.

*Charl.* So are all men whom ladies love; but I mean his rank and quality?

*Princess.* I thought not of that—he is a brave youth; yet he seems surrounded by a halo of mystery, and I think saw the vision as well as we.

*Charl.* Indeed!

*Princess.* Most true; which, with his sudden regard for me, quite confused him. Oh, Charlotte! he is noble, yet modest; bold, but unassuming; courageous, yet gentle as a lamb—I do doat on him. His words flow from him as tho' none were too high for his address, nor too low for his courtesy. He hath no mincing of words, courtiers-like—giving a verdict of folly to the ear of the great by a cringing subserviency; but a manly bearing, with a tongue—a true index to his heart. When such men plead for woman's love, how much more doth woman's love advocate their cause? And could the villain wear an honest face, how many were sued to their undoing.

*Charl.* I would not, Madame, he heard you; or he were a man, if his vanity did not make a fool of him.

*Princess.* Vanity belongs to the fool in men; tho' in woman we may call it the pleasure of homage. Further, he led me by the hand as gently as tho' he held it not, and his every fibre seemed to avow the passion of his soul. We came to the fountain of Neptune; he started with surprise—the native glow of health forsook his cheek; he gazed on it: passing his hand across his expansive brow, he exclaimed, I have seen this place before, and a thousand circumstances crowd upon my mind; but how, and when! Have I had dreams, and dreamt realities? There should be here a lily that once in play was broken! He moved the herbage that had gathered around the spot, and found as he had said. The guests moving from Palace disturbed us, or I should have heard more.

*Charl.* And then, my Lady, I presume, those whose vanity might suggest their presence were an acquisition, would, in your opinion, have been grievously mistaken.—Here are the gentlemen.

*Enter FERDINAND and LUSARDO.*

*Ferd.* Good morrow, fair Lady.

*Princess.* And to you, Sir. [*They converse apart.*]

*Lus.* To you, also, my salutations—sweetest specimen of human beauty. I see the bloom of your enchantment is from the easel of nature, seeing it hath taken no detriment since we parted last year.

*Charl.* Year!—Night, you should have said.

*Lus.* Night.—Oh! in your absence, the sluggish hand of time lingers on his way; whilst, in your presence, jealous of excess of joy, he glides with his golden steeds swifter than the hope of love. Be then, in your absence, hours' years; or, in your presence, the division

of the balance; give me some name to guide the worship  
of my adoration.

*Charl.* My name, Sir, is Charlotte.

*Lus.* A pretty note, and no doubt with as charming an  
accompaniment.

*Charl.* Nay, Sir, 'tis a homely name, matching, except in  
your good wishes, its bearer—Taylor.

*Lus.* Modesty marks greatness; tho' all modest men are  
not great. The vain boaster is a fool; the contemptuous  
beauty a sea-weed; but loveliness, having for its counter-  
part worth and merit, is inestimable. Now will I make  
your fortune; with your homely name, though your silver  
tones swell more enchantingly than the syren's lure, in  
poverty shalt thou linger: as Madame Lusardo, half your  
merit will bring sceptres to your praise, coronets to  
your lap, and riches to your lot—so be mine.

*Charl.* That must be thought of. [*They converse apart*]

*Princess.* If you say true, 'twere well; if otherwise,  
And that your words were such a man would use  
An hundred times unto as many loves:  
How may we trusting women-guarantee  
All shall be other than fair speeches used  
Without the testimony of the heart.

*Ferd.* A poverty in wealth—is deemed disgrace:  
A poverty in mind—a scourge of heav'n:  
A poverty in courage—cowards' shifts:  
A poverty in honor brands the man  
Worse than the mark doth note the galley-slave:  
Shall I with such a hope, and in my view  
So most unprisable a gem—in you  
Look to call mine, and but one trait'rous thought  
Admit within the garrison of honor!

Ere that should be, let fortress go to rack,  
 And ruin swamp th'existence of my soul,  
 If I on other woman cast an eye,  
 To seek th'enjoyment of a single glance!  
 Then say, in man faith is quite gone, nor rank  
 Nor occupation is of value more.

*Princess.* To say I do believe you—that is wrong:  
 To say I do not—that too were wrong;  
 To say I ought to love you—that were wrong;  
 To say I do not love you—that were wrong;  
 But to disguise my mind with false discourse,  
 And with a wily and dishonest speech,  
 The lie give to my heart—were worse than all.  
 Your truth you pledge, the which to bear in mind,  
 This chain wear for my sake. [*Ferd. kneels.*]

[*Enter behind, The KING, PRES. COUN. Guards, and Attendants.*]

*Charl.* [*Aside.*] Good heavens, the King, her brother.  
*Lus.* Say you so,

Our way lies here.

*Charl.* And leave you, Master, thus.

*Princess.* And when you see  
 This little evidence of love for you,  
 Let not the half hid charms, nor wanton looks,  
 Nor glancing eyes of beauty, reach your heart,  
 Or turn aside your path, from what becomes  
 The conduct of a finished gentleman.

*King.* Sister!

*Ferd.* Sister! Sire!—This lady, your sister!

[*Rises.*]

Oh! what a world of happiness is fled  
 In th'utt'rance of that single word.

The gates of sweet Elysium that ope'd  
 To my expectant vision, in one joy  
 Of an eternal spring, changed hath that word  
 To all the horrors of Siberian winter.

*King.* Thou trait'rous cub of a most damned dam.

What!

Could not the glorious sun once rise and set,  
 Ere thou, scarce from a most deserved death,  
 By our own pow'r and clemency set free,  
 Must spit thy venom on our royal blood,  
 And with thy carrion touch the very skirts  
 And trappings of the throne itself pollute.  
 Restore that bauble, Sir, her insane gift.

*Ferd.* Nay, Sire, your eyes bare witness; so of those  
 Are now about us, that this sacred chain  
 Was by a voluntary act bestowed,  
 And with my life I'll guard it; nor is there  
 A pow'r in Naples to bereave it me,  
 Except a verdict of the law.

*King.*

Villain!

Guards, wrench it from him.

*Ferd.*

Sirs, stand off, I say.

[*Draws.*

Or I will beat your garnished courtier swords  
 To ostlers' chaff. Oh! in the battles' broil,  
 That fifty such soft turtle-feasting fools  
 I could but come across—like hissing geese  
 I'd drive you to the winds.  
 I am no villain, Sir!  
 Was I a villain at the Alpine base,  
 When, coward-like, your troops but heard the sound  
 O' th' Frenchman's drum, and turned them from  
 the field,

And I alone stood firm, and stemmed the tide  
 And fortune of the day! My wounds, were they  
 Dishonorable badges of a villain?  
 Was it an act of villainy, that I  
 Restrained the violent temper of my Sire,  
 When I with fire and sword could here have laid  
 Proud Naples low prostrated in the dust.  
 For this, your sister, Sire—the fault was yours;  
 You place me on parole within these walls,  
 Where such a woman hath her exercise.  
 Have I a brother's eye, or brother's heart,  
 Or do you hold my nerves are adamant,  
 To think a form, moulded in grace and elegance,  
 With ev'ry charm the beauty of the mind  
 Could add to female dignity and love,  
 Should meet the eye like Autumn's faded hues?  
 Or, should the honey music of her voice  
 Become discordant howling to the ear,  
 And for this reason—she haps to be your sister.  
 No, eyes will see—the senses understand;  
 The passion doat upon so fair a lady,  
 Altho' you called her twenty times your sister.  
 Dear partner of my life, I ne'er draw thee,  
 But in a soldier's cause thou hast a stain.  
 Go, go. *[He throws his sword away.]*

*Princess.*                      My brother, dear, be kind to me,  
 The fault was not so much this youth's.—In truth  
 I said not who I was: the love was mine  
 As much as his; as much as his my fault.  
 He was most kind; and it was prophesied,  
 That, should I wed, I were to be his bride!  
 'Tis true, when I another love shall wed,  
 The silent grave shall be my bridal bed.



*King.* Marina, this doth not become thee.

Give me that weapon, Sir, put up thy sword,  
 And know, rash youth, to draw, by Naples' law,  
 The sword within the palace walls is death,  
 From which there's no appeal. The second time  
 From death I save thee; but beware the third.  
 Know, then, thy father hath associated  
 His fortunes well to match his previous taste;  
 Now, that his breath of life is scarce absolved,  
 And that the axe was by our mercy blunted,  
 Which should have done the justice to his crimes,  
 His gratitude he shews, by taking arms  
 Among the bandits of Monte Nuovo.  
 My Lord, those papers—this shall be my man.  
 This proclamation bear thou unto him;  
 Bid him mark its contents, for he will find  
 Our words and purpose go together.  
 Now for thyself—from this time let our presence  
 Be ne'er again disturbed by thine approach;  
 And if thou, or thy Sire, be ever found  
 With weapon drawn, except upon the license  
 Of some our officers accredited,  
 Thy doom is death, and mercy lost to thee.  
 My Lord, see him provided with his pass.

*Ferd.* Sir, I obey; fair lady! but one word:

I loved you to my future misery,  
 The gulph of station, as 'twixt heav'n and hell,  
 I cannot pass. Oh! may thy virtuous soul  
 Breathe everlasting peace; and my poor fate,  
 Speed as it may, forgive me, and forget me.  
 Farewell!

*Princess.* The grace of heav'n attend on you.

Had you a fault, I would forgive you.

Forget you, no; not whilst fair memory

Retains the empire on her seat—farewell!

*Ferd.* Sir, doth Lusardo go.

*King.* Aye—instantly.

*Lus.* Your Majesty!

I was well housed, and willingly had staid,

The more as I do love this beauteous maid;

Yet, as I must, and must depart in sorrow,

I'll sorrow for to-day, and hope to-morrow.

[*Exeunt PRES. COUN. FERD. LUS. and Attendants.*]

*King.* Marina,

As you do value your imperial fame,

And my regard, let this mad passion drop,

Or may the consequence be sad indeed!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

*Enter PRINCESS and CHARLOTTE.*

*Charl.* Your Grace hath surely made a present of the better half of your senses to think of so wild a project?

*Princess.* Not in the least

*Charl.* Not! - To venture your delicate frame amid the dangers of mountain travel; traversing deep ravines, cuttings thro' the solid rock, where overhanging masses have destruction in their every form; through roads hewn in the precipice, where the chamois and the sure-footed mule scarce hold their way above an impenetrable wall; beneath a wild abyss, with the distant world hid by

'he floating vapour; around you nought but granite and snow, heaped up like the towering cumuli; and, when these dangers you have braved, you meet in every man a wolf prowling for maiden carnage, whilst here you have in Naples the flower of a nation's youth dying at your feet—men too of wealth and figure, as well as of manly merit.

*Princess.* True, as you say, men who think their merits well paid in a great estate, in which poor woman may be taken as part of the live stock.

*Charl.* So, as in this, in all things there is reason—woman's first love is but the novelty of a new toy; fire burns not without fuel, nor lamps without oil; so love lives not without means; and, in my country, life's means are love's best means.

*Princess.* To do what?—Look out of window one half your time, and into the fire the other; eat beef and drink beer until you weigh eight or nine score, then exhibit a bulky body, to prove the acme of happiness consists in how much of the good things of this world you have passed thro' the ordeal of digestion.

*Charl.* Madam, you are too bad.

*Enter CUPID and HYMEN, invisible.*

*Princess.* Not unless truth be a libel, or lying and cringing the high road to fame and virtue: yet my plans are ripe, and I will execute them: if to follow true love be a crime, I will be a sinner; nor shall they call my affection a Putney sailor love. True love, and true friendship, like the helmsman, deserts not in the storm, and doubtless love will prosper.

*CUPID and HYMEN sing, as an echo,*

"Love will prosper."

*Princess.* Heard you that?

*Charl.* I heard, but saw nothing. I fear, madam, this senseless delusion but leads onward to our destruction?

*Princess.* Be it so; but this glorious world, and all the wonders of the heavens, become a sterile nothingness without a kindred mind, and I will seek it. Know you, there is a record, that the lily broken at the fountain of Neptune was done by my brother and the missing child, who should now have been King of Sicily—this youth knew the fact on the instant, and the sweet voices sang, my love should be “more than Prince, but not a King.”

CUPID and HYMEN *echo,*

“More than Prince, but not a King.”

*Princess.* Again does prophecy hang on our trees, or swim in the air.—However, my lord President tells me, my brother invests Monte Nuovo in person, and has declared those engaged in that service sacred. I know his temper, and we shall be safe with his commission. I have the necessary disguises and papers, and we will see our lovers e'er they expect much good fortune.

*Charl.* 'Twere well for your Highness. Should we stumble on the King, your forgiveness, and my disgrace, were the consequence of necessity.

*Princess.* 'Tis well—I will tell him love puts woman to odd shifts, and will reap the harvest of my own sowing: your bed-room shall be my chamber, be where it may.

CUPID and HYMEN *sing,*

Go, seek your love, and prosperous be,  
Joy goes in your company;  
In love you will find loyalty,  
Whate'er your love's estate may be:  
Let not his dangers be your care,  
Love's voice doth bid you not despair.

[*They disappear.*]

*Princess.* The words of the cherubs still say—forward come, we will go.

*Charl.* So they sing truly, and we come off with whole skin, and with no more knowledge of love's efforts than we at present possess; then, indeed, the bark of our purity will have escaped a rough sea and a rocky coast.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.—The Cabaret Yard.

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*Enter 5th Bandit and sundry Artizans.*

*4th Art.* I beseech you, let these men stay; they be honest simple tradesmen, having their homes to keep about them; moreover, they have a long score against them with me, which I would were paid.

*5th Band.* Hold your mag.

*4th Art.* With due submission, I would they paid me first, then good speed may they have in their goings.

*5th Band.* You damnable, *coculus indicus*, coriander seed, brewer's drug, salt and water, treacle poisoning rascal; these men are angels, in the opposite scale of your merits:—you poison their livers; sponge up the marrow and pith of their substance; heat their brains with deleterious poison, and then ask payment for killing their bodies and damning their souls!—out, Sir.

*4th Art.* You rail, Sir, in vain—in the King's name detain them.

*5th Band.* 'S'blood, Sir, you're a fool. In my name they go; see you this—'tis a sure cure for a tooth-ache.

*4th Art.* You are a gentleman.

*5th Band.* Budge.

*4th Art.* Devil.

[*Exit.*

*6th Art.* You are, I see, a sensible man—hic.

*5th Band.* Say you so.

*6th Art.* Even so. Now resolve me. When a man is no knave, what is he?

*5th Band.* A fool.

*6th Art.* Now, you are no fool—hic.

*5th Band.* So by implication—I, I.

*6th Art.* No, no, not so fast; I did not say that. Speaking of myself, now I tiddle, and so am a knave to myself in three degrees—hic. First, as regards the pocket—whose ebb tide leaves friendship on the sands, and hath a great propensity of wanting a bad coat—hic! to be mended by a better. Then, secondly, the health, seeing that which is taken in jolly good-fellowship breeds decay and expectoration. Thirdly, hic!—damn the drink; my knavery to myself in tippling hath made so many holes in the manners of my reputation, that every one's good opinion runs off like water—hic! Now I will turn tee-totaller! Let me see, to drink nothing stronger than water at my own cost—that's it.

*5th Band.* That's your knavery; and, tho' I read more of folly than knavery in it, yet let's hear your folly?

*6th Art.* See you now a man of the world, and thus fathom it—hic! Suppose I go fight (as my pals here may,) and lose some personal appearance, in the shape of an arm, or leg, or so, who—hic—reaps the gains of my losses? Another, and I get honor and a broom! No, no, I'll not sow the seeds of repentance that way. I'll fight no where but in bed; fight you where you please—hic—I'll not go. [Exit.]

*5th Band.* This fool hath not so drowned his wit, but some spars float to show where the wreck lies.

*1st Art.* His wit was of various qualities: 'twas an hungry wit—it devoured his whole substance: 'twas a light wit, seeing his brains swam from Sunday morning till Saturday

night: it was a nimble wit, it outran all he had: it was a shrewd wit, and deceived him worse than the devil did poor Eve, who suffered so much for one seedling, while he will gulph down the juice of a whole vineyard: 'twas a pumice-stone wit, and scoured his garments to a shred of tatters: were he hung up, the wind would whistle through him as through a tree in winter;—the devil will have nothing to do with him, dead nor living, lest he contaminate his dominions with poverty, brandy, and foul breath.

*5th Band.* Can you take a purse as well as you praise your friend?

*1st Art.* Time, Sir, time; a man must have time to learn a new trade.

*5th Band.* Well, well, what say you; should you be squeamish at the crocodile wailings of a woman?

*2nd Art.* That would hang on the justice of the matter.

*5th Band.* How, justice.

*2nd Art.*           He that unto himself is just,  
His brev'ry make his int'rest must;  
The heaviest scale, and the best pay  
With me doth always bear the sway;  
Defraud, or thief, or lie, or pray,  
Down with your dust, I'll go your way.

*5th Band.* You are a promising youth.

*2nd Art.* I always did promise.

*5th Band.* What?

*2nd Art.* That if his hoofed Majesty have any man for taking care of himself, he should not have me for a trifle.

*5th Band.* Go to, what say you, hath time so eaten up the stump of thy manhood, that the cries of a maid, or an old grey beard, would shake thy pistol-hand when a bag was to be had.

*3rd Art.* I have hammered a stone all my life, and never thought of this work—but I'll go.

*5th Band.* Then away—here, set your cap so. Zounds, your muzzle up. Here you, put your sword decent—it hangs like a butcher's steel.   So.                   [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Bandits' Haunt, or Cavern in a rocky  
defile of Monte Nuovo.

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CIPRIANI, *Captain, and sundry Bandits, a Sentinel,  
FRANCESCO disguised as a Bandit, and sundry Artizans,  
sitting about carousing.*

*Capt.* What people were those coming up the mountain?

*Sent.* Dancers, your honor.

*Capt.* What do they here?

*Sent.* They are dancing their way from Naples to the Coast  
of Puzzuoli.

*Capt.* What sort of wenches are they?

*Sent.* Tidy frigates, your honor.

*Capt.* And their lads.

*Sent.* Smart chaps, ready to board on the first engagement.

*Capt.* Rein in your wit, or it will trip up your heels.

*Sent.* That, and it please you, is against the law; if a man  
trip and fall he is out of position.

*Capt.* How so?

*Sent.* As I am a lawyer, I cannot answer that question  
without a fee.

*Capt.* You a lawyer!

*Sent.* Yes, your honor.

*Capt.* And how came you a lawyer?

*Sent.* I was employed by a barrister; I used to brush the  
clothes and clean the knives. I there learnt more law  
than an attorney, medicine than a physician, and divinity  
than a parson.

*Capt.* Out with it then.

*Sent.* Thus it is: he that pays his debts, lends no money;  
and abjures women and repletion, needs neither law  
nor physic; and as for divinity, there's a high road to  
heaven if you keep your horse's head the right way.



*Capt.* Take care your wit doth not some day carry your body over the precipice.

*Sent.* Not my wit, your honour; my wit would travel upwards, since any fool may go down the precipice, spend a fortune, or swim over the Falls of Niagara.

*Capt.* Hold thy tongue.

*Sent.* I will hold any thing for your honour but your conscience.

*Capt.* And why not that?

*Sent.* Because it were acting a priest without a licence; and perchance your honour might not like to prove how much of that quality you could boast of.

*Capt.* You are a fool.

*Sent.* Not quite, I have money left.

*Capt.* Call in the dancers.—This man, my Lord, will carry on a running fire for a week: I have a worse dread of his tongue than of a musket ball.

*Cipr.* And it seems not without reason.

*Enter certain Dancers, who dance "a pas seul," or "pas de deux," concluding with a general Dance.*

*Capt.* You dance lads and lasses as tho' nature had changed the substance of flesh and bones to the bounding qualities of Indian rubber. Well, sentinel, see these people have some wine, and go with them till they are clear of our folk.

*Sent.* What, alone?

*Capt.* Alone! no—go with them.

*Sent.* A man may as well be alone, as where every man has got his maid.

*Capt.* How know you they are maids?

*Sent.* Every woman of seventy is *vingt un*; and she that does not carry a baby is a maid—at least those who marry say so.

*Capt.* If you don't go, I will beat your brains out with the butt-end of your musket.

*Sent.* Has your honor grace to say grace before meat, you might thank God for having those about you who have any.

*Capt.* Your brains do well with your calf's head.

*Sent.* And many a pair of calves have been the forerunner of a lady's fortune.

*Capt.* Go, or I will make mince-meat of you.

*Sent.* Then your honour would prove I had been a calf: but, saving your pleasure, I will carry away my duty with a whole skin and a ducat.

*Capt.* Take your skin; the other bait does not take.

[*Exeunt Sent. and Dancers.*]

I think, my Lord, one of these sings a song, we will hear it. More wine here—come squire, tune up your pipes.

#### S O N G.

O'er the mountains high wild tops we breath  
The air of bold liberty dear!

All care for to-morrow we leave,  
In the joy of our lass and our cheer:

Nor a fear, nor a terror we know,  
As we roam with our rifle in hand—

Give us gold, my old fellow, and go,  
For if rich we hold the command.

With a fa ra la, fa ra la la,

Cut away, slash away, dash away,  
Flinch ne'er a man of ye.

We no King, nor a big wig, know here;  
Here no priest doth incumber our rest,

They both levy taxes severe,  
Do we any more at the best.

So then if man obstinate prove,  
Or woman doth bellow or bawl,

One's breath we but shorten for love,  
Whilst the other: we sing fal de ral,

With our fa ra la, fa ra la la,

Cut away, slash away, dash away,  
Flinch ne'er a man of ye.

*Capt.* You see these lads make a merriment of business; we will hear what some of them say for themselves. You, sir, how came you turn thief?

*1st Band.* Thief, your honor!

*Capt.* Aye, thief.

*1st Band.* Thief, your honor! I am a professional man, and professional men are gentlemen.

*Capt.* Then what made you a gentleman?

*1st Band.* A mistake, sir.

*Capt.* And in the devil's name, what mistake made you a gentleman out of a blackguard?

*1st Band.* I wrote another man's name instead of my own.

*Capt.* Well, what did you get by it?

*1st Band.* I wanted to get a few ducats, but got lagged.

They were going to send me to the galleys for life; but see, your honor, I always had a dastardly sickness come over me at sea, and was not at all in the humour to have a chain on my leg at the state's charge, when I could help myself with a little trouble in the company of honest men, so I cut.

*Capt.* You, sir, then how came you at this trade?

*2nd Band.* A woman forced me.

*Capt.* A woman forced you; and pray what did a petticoat force you to?

*2nd Band.* To romp with her against her will. She bawled herself into a fever. I thought a little blood-letting would do her good; I let too much and she died.—They wrote *sus. per col.* against my name for this; but you see, your honor, I had a personal objection to that operation, as I had but just got out of a saliva treatment, and thought the rope would not sit easy.

*Capt.* And how did you get your neck out of the halter?

*2nd Band.* The same way I got it in. They put a goaler to sit up with me, and the fellow would not go to sleep; and, fearing he might fatigue himself, I got him a composing draught. He then went to sleep, but he never

woke any more. I found it very dull to live with a man that could'n't talk; and, as the people of Naples said, trade was bad, I borrowed the fellow's keys and saved the town a holiday.

*Capt.* Now, Sir, you there, how came you to travel this road

*3rd Band.* Thro' a good action, your honor.

*Capt.* A good action!—I should like to hear that, as many intended for good purposes damn the doer; whilst devil's deeds will sometimes open the way the least expected.

*3rd Band.* I wanted to learn an Englishman not to carry gold in a purse: if you lose the purse, you lose your cash too. He had a good one, and I fell in love with it;—it went against my conscience to take the money; but, in the due course of things, both went together. They favour'd me by saying, I should stand in the pillory for my good intentions: but a French sloop coming into the bay laden with eggs, I was afraid she might get robbed on my account; and, as opportunity came, I forgot to say *bon jour*, and left all parties to settle their own affairs.

*Capt.* You there, with your brandy-nose, what have you got to say for yourself?

*4th Band.* I was ruined by tobacco.

*Capt.* By tobacco!

*4th Band.* Just so. A friend taught me to smoke. I could'n't smoke dry, so I tippled: when the wine gets in, you know the rest. I got to wenching. Now, if smoking, drinking, and woman, be not the high road to ruin, I will say something to him who will shew me a nearer.

*Capt.* You stripling there, your face is new to me—what brought you here?

*Frans.* Curiosity, sir.

*Capt.* Indeed!—mind what you say. We use this motto: short reckonings, long friendships, and silent foes—now of what sort was your curiosity?

*Frans.* I spent all my money in looking into the ways of the world.

*Capt.* And what did you learn?

*Frans.* To classify its villany.

*Capt.* How many sorts did you find?

*Frans.* Two.

The first, the smock-faced villain, who his God  
Doth money make: who from the widow's back  
Her tattered shreds will take, and with a text  
Send up his thanks he is so prosperous.

*Capt.* The other.

*Frans.* The bold-face villain, who with sword in hand  
Will risk his life, and from the other take,  
The means to gratify his rioting.  
All other villany hangs twixt these too.

*Capt.* What say you of honesty and friendship?

*Frans.* The gem of Portugal is not more rare!  
Some do say woman yields all human joy,  
Honest and true, that is as true as both:  
On the reverse;—how many worthy men  
Have worthless woman turned aside, and made  
What were its pride become mankind's disgrace.

*Capt.* I'll say no more to you, lest you beat  
*Sarah Setchel.*

*Re-enter Sentinel.*

How came you back so soon?

*Sent.* I have done your bidding, Sir; but returned to tell your  
honor there is a large shooting party coming this way.

*Capt.* What of that?

*Sent.* I was afraid they were going to make game of us; they  
have their pointers with them.

*Capt.* We are not hares nor partridges; let them lay on.

*Sent.* Their pointers bite as well as yelp.

*Capt.* Unriddle.

*Sent.* The riflemen of Naples surround us. I met one—he said nothing, but eyed me as much as to say, are you a rogue to stop here, or a fool not to go; or fool both ways.

*Enter Fifth Bandit.*

*Capt.* Your news, Sir.

*5th Band.* None good for us that I perceive; the mountains course

Is occupied with riflemen, as tho'  
They, mushroom-like, spring up spontaneous  
Upon the pinnacle, where to the eye  
They are the merest specks, whilst far below  
Thro' ev'ry valley and ravine they wind  
Their steady way, and ev'ry mounts outlet  
Is in their hands.

I spake with one, who, with indifference  
And cool composure, told me I might go,  
Seek honest bread, whilst on my neck did stand  
A head, to tell me what a knave I was.  
I said the Lazzaroni harboured here  
Would do no good, and we shall fall together.  
For them, upon the very first alarm  
A school-boy's toy had scared the whole of  
them.

*Capt.* A grumbler art thou still, and will be so,  
As long as soul and body of thine own  
Inherit thy foul case.

*5th Band.* Grumbler, I'm none.

Nor hath my mind once found a breath to speak  
But on just grounds, and where the sequel proved  
How true I measured still the circumstance.

I value not my life a woman's dog,  
 It is the folly of the sacrifice,  
 It useless made, and not the sacrifice I need.

*Enter FERDINAND and LUSARDO.*

*Capt.* Well, who are these?

*Cipr.* My son, and here,

*Fred.* As you do say, is it so great a wonder?

*Cipr.* In Naples' palace wert thou safely hous'd  
 As bond and hostage for thy father's weal:  
 How hast thou broke thy word and got abroad,  
 To add another to his many wrongs.

*Fred.* You, sir, do wrong yourself as all men do,  
 Who in their deeds forget there is an eye  
 Doth shape for good, an often ill design.  
 My coming, sir, is this: within the walls  
 Of that fair palace I a lady met,  
 Whose form and virtue fired my soul with love,  
 Which by a kindred feeling was returned:  
 This lady proved the Princess Royal.  
 Such came unto the King, who on the spot  
 Decreed my banishment, but not to go  
 With idle hands: this paper unto you  
 He bade me give with care, and bid you care  
 To read and note what it contained.

*Capt.* What news, my Lord?

*Cipr.* But little for our good;  
 Here is another proof that thou wert born  
 A pestilence upon thy father's path  
 To blight and mar the projects of his soul.

*Fred.* Say so, 'tis well, and I will answer it.

*Capt.* Come, done with words, and give us matter, sir.

*Cipr.* This paper, sir, proclaims in proper form  
 This mountain in a state of siege;  
 Until the Lazzaroni, and such others,  
 As here unlawfully may be assembled  
 For purposes amenable to justice,  
 Disband, and for their lives, do humbly through  
 Their fate upon the mercy of the King.  
 The soldiers on this mission are employed  
 Are noted by a cross upon the shoulder,  
 And any violence is offered them  
 Draws down high treason's punishment.  
 I and my son are farther here denounced  
 As tainted traitors to the King and state,  
 As which if without licence, we be found  
 With weapon drawn, we draw upon ourselves  
 A sentence past all hope of death.

*Capt.* This is a gracious after dinner treat!  
 Yet there is matter in that paper, 'twere  
 Both wise and prudent should not be despised.  
 I would not raise the anger of this cub,  
 But with a force to dock his teeth and claws—  
 I'll go arrange.

*(Exeunt, except CIPR. 1st and 2nd Band.)*

*FERDINAND and LUSARDO, and FRANCESCO, concealed.*

*Ferd.* My Lord, a word with you?

*Cipr.* An hundred if you please.

*Ferd.* Allow me then,

With due regard to duty and affection,  
 To ask you who I am?

*Cipr.* Whom thou art?

Thou art facetious!

*Ferd.* Nay, in sober truth,

I would know who I am;—who was my father?



*Cipr.* It had been well, an you had harboured any doubt  
Your mother did play false, to have asked her.

*Ferd.* I do not doubt, nor ever did, the high  
Distinguished sense of honour and good faith,  
In her by whose dread pangs this fribile life  
Brake on the day of light—who was my mother?

*Cipr.* Thy mother! whence arise such questions now?  
Thou know'st thy mother was my honour'd wife,  
In Paris wert thou born and duly registered:  
The Lord Archbishop and a Carmelite,  
Authenticated duly to the fact.

*Ferd.* Archbishops may be rogues and monks be knaves!  
The mitre and the cowl within, may hold  
Their should be hallowed circle—full as gross,  
And foul a soul, as doth the hangman's noose.  
Being in Paris born, how came it then,  
That here within the noble palace walls,  
I at the cooling fount of Neptune brake;  
A beauteous lily!—Where I can recall  
Both scenes and -circumstance of greatest state,  
Surpassing all I otherwise have been.

*Cipr.* Thou dream'st, and dust insult me with thy  
I would you leave me. [questions:

Sir, I obey.

*Ferd.* Mark me, there is some secret in my birth;  
I will not harm the man I have called, father:  
But be it hid in the Spitzbergen mount,  
On Chimberazo's top, or in the depths  
Of that stupendous cauldron, over which  
Mount Etna standeth, but a wart,  
I'll search and probe it out. I rather would  
A peasant be, and honor the grey hairs

Of honest parents, than to live and doubt—  
Amid th' ennering luxuries of wealth.

*Exeunt FERD. and LUSARDO.*

*Cipr.* How small a pivot is it, on which turns  
The poise of all the cunning schemes of man  
For when the balance of his crisis wears,  
A quiv'ring doubt, *in equilibrio*,  
The pressure of a fly,  
Unman's the work of years,  
And turns the scale against his former fame.  
So now—the mauling of a dastard weed  
Doth more unmask me than the subtle wit  
Contained beneath the lawyer's perewig.  
The Princess loves him! and this love well work  
With such a means my utter ruin:—no!  
That must not be. There is no other way,  
But in his grave to bury all the past.  
'Tis so, and he must die—a word, my friends:  
Observe: that son of mine is an abortion,  
Who, serpent-like, sprang from his father's blood  
To thwart and blight his fairest points of life.  
He lives, but to unnerve the hand that reared him.  
My titles and estates, already hath he snatched  
With wily craftiness from out my grasp,  
And brought me to despised poverty.  
Discretion hath he much, acuteness more,  
With courage doth o'ertop the other two,  
Whilst his ambition is but served by all;  
As long as life doth last in him, doth mine  
Become one great eclipse—I'd have him dead.

*2nd Band.* 'Tis done, as well as said—no words, your  
*Cipr.* Name you your sum. [price.

*2nd Band.* Of that we'll speak anon.

*Cipr.* Such sum as we agree upon is your's.

We will retire and I will count it you,  
And when 'tis done then I shall breathe again.  
Mark me, that you must take him by surprise,  
At weapons, be they pistol, dirk, or sword;  
So rare is he, thy one blow missed—is death;  
The man that faces him, faces his doom.

*2nd Band.* Fear not, let our discretion be our guide,

Rest you, and eat your meal in peace;  
If trouble come from him, then tell us so.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Frans.* Here is a specious villany, where, fortune, gold,  
and station blunts the sharp edge of nature, and makes  
the father part and parcel to his son's blood-letting; I  
will not again censure the ways of a dirty world:  
Be there in this more than doth meet the eye,  
May heav'n unravel all such villany.

## SCENE II.

CHIARINI's Country Seat, with an open space before it.

*Enter FRANCESCO. Disguised as a Bandit.*

*Frans.* So, this is the spot on which the magnet of my hopes  
breathes by her smile the charm of Paradise. Here should  
nature wear the garb of innocence; the keen eagle become  
the pouting dove; the wolf the taper greyhound; and  
the fierceness of mankind soften as bridal music. Let  
the heaven's watch over my love!—The Pleiades  
shall shed but a benign influence and orion start from the  
south but to guard thee. The light'ning should here lose

its mischief, the thunder roll gently, and the mid-day-heat be cooled by the sea-breeze, so that thy bosom heave not in sorrow, nor thy slumbers become broken.

*Enter CHIARINA.*

There comes my respected father-in-law that I would should be.—How nature sports her favors, that such a man should have such a daughter, yet he is fair enough but for avarice, which takes from him so much the gentleman, as it makes him so much the tallow-chandler. Now must I wear an assumed character.

*Chiar.* This is one of the thieves.—I will not shew enough of the coward to invite his cupidity. These men are sad enemies to sober, quiet people. Allow me, sir, to ask you what brought you to confer on this spot the favor of a visit?

*Frans.* A tolerable pair of legs, sir, which, though closed in these wrappers, are large enough to carry an honest man.

*Chiar.* Aye, Aye, but who are you?

*Frans.* My mother's son by testimony; and, from my contour, supposed to be a similitude of my father.

*Chiar.* This is wide the matter, sir, and no addition to a fool's knowledge; pray what is your business?

*Frans.*—To take by force against the word and letter of the law, what the rich in their superfluity have gathered by crooked ways and fraud. Did you not put arsenic in your stearine?

*Chiar.* How should this man know I was a tallow melter? Sir, I wish your head had found you a more creditable profession for your body.

*Frans.*—If you come to my profession, sir, 'tis of high rank, I am a philosopher.

*Chiar.*—A philosopher!

*Frans.*—Aye, a philosopher!

*Chiar.*—Then is your wisdom after a very new fashion?

*Frans.*—Say you so; now, mark you this:—Where the fashion begins, philosophy ends;—it is the up-hill-drag of knowledge, an *ignus fatus* to a multitude of fools; saving them the reputation of having those brains of which heav'n hath stinted them. Galilio said, the earth moved, and the fashion well nigh burnt him for being wiser than his neighbours, and so Servetus fell. In manners too, that which to-day graces the Duchess in her splendour, becomes to-morrow, the form, mark, and stamp of vulgarity. In religion, each divine hath his dogma, concerning which 'tis wise to say nothing. The formation of the world too hath its fashionable systems laid out with a most laughable gravity. Again, bituminous strata became embedded forests; as, forsooth, bitumen burns and extraneous matter be found therein. By this law, sand-stone results from the labour of the cockle—the cloud-hidden rock of the toad; and the doctor said truly, the sick man had eaten a horse, seeing the saddle was beneath the bed. So hath fashion used the sciences. Phlogiston had its day, which the light of the gases overthrew, and he that in the theory, went against the fashion of the time was branded a notable ass! But now comes the proof, that electricity and magnetism have much to do in the matter.

*Chiar.* I quite agree with all you say, though I confess I do not understand a word of it.

*Frans.* So I expected, since learning and common sense are not always simultaneous, nor in counterpart; my studies yet have a wider range. I have dipped into physiology, physiognomy, phrenology, craniology, and so forth; by the help of these, I will tell, from the colour and size of your eyes, the tint of your hair, and natural *embonpoint*, whether you be more addicted to money or pleasure;

or, if you can keep your hands out of your neighbour's pocket, or your eye from winking at his wife. To prove my knowledge, sir, the cavern has need of two thousand ducats, which I demand of you.

*Chiar.* Sir, you are mad—I have not a denier in the house.

*Frans.* So I guess. Write me an order on Leibnitz of Palermo for it?

*Chiar.* I never wrote an order in my life.

*Frans.* That I know.—Your daughter hath.

*Chiar.* This fellow is mad. How knew he I had a daughter, or money with Leibnitz.—Perhaps, sir, you would like to marry my daughter?

*Frans.* Certainly, yes. Your daughter's fortune is a prize without it were she unprizable, since the consciousness of money mars what heaven hath made.

I will speak to her.

*Chiar.* Not that way, I pray you, sir. My daughter is my life, soul, wealth—every thing.

*Frans.* Well, sir, I will see if the lady-bird will answer a call

*Sings.* "We've liv'd and loved together," &c.

*Adel. Sings.* "I'll love thee tho' we sever." [and enters.

Good heav'ns, what do you mean?

*Frans.* Fear not, the mountain is beset with villains—in this disguise will I overwatch you.

*Chiar.* What say you to my daughter?

*Frans.* Write me an oder, for two thousand ducats n Leibnitz of Palermo—go, go.

*Adel.* Is it so, father.

*Chiar.* Yes, child, yes; there is no hope now.

[Exit *Adelina.*

*Frans.* Your Daughter, sir, is very fair.

*Chiar.* Aye, aye, but she is a minx; I was obliged to carry her away from Naples to prevent her running away with a scamp.

*Frans.* A lover, you mean.

*Chiar.* Just so.

*Frans.* Very natural, and what sort of a character had this spark?

*Chiar.* Character! none at all. His head was full of books and systems; he would talk the teeth out of a man's head; he has no more money than a chapel-mouse, to buy her a shoe-string; as for his home, it is as large as unoccupied land can make it, with the sky for his curtain, and the ground for his carpet; but he shall find his love a cold feast.

*Frans.* You give your son-in-law a fair description.

*Chiar.* Not son-in-law till he has married my daughter.

*Re-enter ADELINA.*

*Frans.* That paper, madam; 'tis fairly written, and a fairer hand never blotted paper—fairer too is the heart that guides it, and the mind that regulates it. It went against the grain of my conscience to enforce this; but the service which it may render, may excuse my want of manners. Adieu. [*Exit.*

*Chiar.* This comes, madam, of your want of duty. Was your blood so hot, that were it but a man, you cared not for the present, nor consider for the future.

*Adel.* Indeed, father, I loved the youth; as to me he has worth, men observe, not of each other. Prove he unworthy, I will forget him.

*Chiar.* Well, get you in.—For his mock-learning I will send express to Palermo and give him law for my ducats.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter First and Second Bandits.*

*2nd Band.* This is a smart box here; it looks warm. Methinks something may be done here.

*Re-enter* FRANCESCO.

*Frans.* A dread on my mind seems to forebode evil, should I leave this spot: these men here! [*He retires.*]

*1st Band.* It looks like work in store; but one job at a time. The old Duke seems in a mighty hurry to part company with his son.

*2nd Band.* Well, well, he knows best; all the butcher needs is, to make money of his sheep: but be he so brave at weapons!—Look you; as opportunity offers, draw you him to words and I will shorten his speeches.

*Re-enter* ADELINA.

*Adelina.* I would he were not gone, so that he might ease my heart, and clear up this mystery.

*2nd Band.* Oh! oh! look out—here's a puss in her form. [*They seize her.*]

*Adel.* I beseech you, gentlemen, to leave me. What would you with me?

*2nd Band.* What would a man with a woman! You are too smart a lass to be let off.

*Adel.* Sirs, let me loose; I will not go.

*1st Band.* This way, girl, you will find smart lads in the cavern—this way.

*Adel.* Unhand me, I say.

*2nd Band.* Less noise, fool; you go with us.

*Adel.* I go not; unhand me, villains!

*2nd Band.* Ah!

*Adel.* Leave me—help there.

*2nd Band.* This way—not another word.

*Adel.* Unhand me. What, ho! help? Help—murder!

*2nd Band.* Another syllable, and thou diest.

*Adel.* Then, come death, and welcome! though in the horrors of the knout, the rack, or Lisbon's iron chair, I



would embrace you as the gates of heaven, ere should dishonor reach me!—Help, Fransesco—Father, mercy mercy!

*[They drag her off.]*

*Re-enter FRANSESCO.*

*Frans.* That shriek was very piercing. Oh! Adelina, overpowered by those two villains. Now, trusty weapon, and the protection of heaven,

*[He either fires a double rifle, or follows them with his sword and re-enters.]*

*Distant bugles are heard.]*

Their career of mischief is done—ah! the bugles; then the alarm is up, and I must go. *[Exit.]*

### SCENE III.

A mountainous woody defile of Monte Nuovo,  
discovering the entrance to a cell.

*Enter, FRANSESCO, clambering down the rocks.*

*Frans.* On such a lonely spot I should be safe.  
Come, trusty weapon, for what thou hast done,  
Let me the evidence efface :—'tis well.  
Thou glorious orb, thy setting ray will shed  
Upon two wretches less than in the morn  
Thy hallowed influence did shine upon.  
Yet doth it weigh upon my heart, so fair a maid  
In such uncertainty thus far to leave,  
To brave her danger thro'.

*[Groans are heard in the cell.]*

What are those groans!  
 So plaintive and so feeble, must denote  
 Distress acute hath here locality.  
 To comfort or relieve, assist me, heaven!  
*[Exit into the cell.]*

*Re-enter FRANCESCO, helping forward the RECLUSE.*

*Frans.* Now, gentle father, rest you safely here.  
 So old, so feeble, and alone!—how's this?  
 Hath a hard world so tossed your mortal bark  
 Upon the stormy current of your days,  
 That your bleached locks, and shattered form,  
 Have not one kindred spirit left, of all  
 That may have fattened on your prime of life,  
 To dry your eye, or minister your wants.

*Recl.* The power that rules above is just and good.  
 My glass of life is almost spun;—I'm weak,  
 My breath doth struggle in my throat; my life  
 But hangs upon the embers of a straw,  
 Yet I have much to do.—Your patience, sir.

*Frans.* Cheer you still, good father!—what words you  
 have  
 Devote to heav'n. The step I grant is hard,  
 It is but one will bring you thitherward.

*Recl.* Oh! bear with me—your words are, gentle sir,  
 More than I could await from such a dress.

*Frans.* This dress, good sir, is but assumed disguise,  
 To guard a lady from the villains here,  
 Who loiter for the worst of purposes;  
 A lady—whom my youth would well excuse,  
 When I confess in truth I dearly love her.

*Recl.* Your name?

*Frans.* Francesco.

*Recl.* Francesco, say you!

*Frans.* Just so—what moves you, sir ; be calm, I pray.

*Recl.* Francesco of what place?

*Frans.* Palermo, sir.

*Recl.* Where lives your father?

*Frans.* There you touch a chord—

Vibrating thro' the life-strings of my heart :  
 You've heard of the Sicilian prince—a child,  
 Some twenty years ago, was lost or stolen.  
 That night my father disappeared from thence ;  
 And that his most tried loyalty and faith  
 Had reaped upon sore trials good report—  
 A nation's scorn had branded his fair fame.  
 In penury, upon his shattered fortunes,  
 My mother wasted but a little time,  
 And left my course upon the flood and ebb  
 Of an ungracious world.

*Recl.* It is enough—

Your words fall on my ears like to the tones  
 With which the angels at the gates of bliss  
 The good do welcome unto paradise !  
 And mercy from above hath reach'd the dread  
 That sat upon my soul.

*Frans.* Nay, calm thee, father ;

Here rest your head, you'll better be anon.

*Recl.* Nay, do as I shall bid—and quickly too ;

My life sinks fast, and quivers on my lip ;  
 Within the cell a table you will find,  
 On which are papers and the implements  
 Of writing!—fetch them.

[FRANESCO brings them.]

Guide my feeble hand  
 To write my name, 'tis well; add thine, and here  
 Within this blank thine own again: 'tis done,  
 And all the retribution for a crime  
 That man can make, t'avow and remedy.  
 Oh! gracious power, 'tis done.

*Frans.* You ne'er harm'd me,  
 And had you, may heav'n blot it from the book,  
 As from my memory I would erase it.

*Recl.* List, sir, I do wax faint, and my sad tale  
 Must yet be told. In my life's wayward course  
 One grievous fault lay bedded in my soul,  
 A plenteous spring unto a flood of crime.  
 It was the love of gold: this, in degree,  
 Is virtuous, wise, and just—for wealth doth stamp  
 Both station and degree; pays honest claims;  
 Gives birth to titles, honors, and esteem;  
 Doth cover crime; give virtue countenance;  
 And to the priest and orator their charm;  
 Creates the noble, and the want of it  
 The noble mind robs of its nobleness.  
 So may the love of gold produce a good,  
 But virtue in excess may prove a wrong:  
 This in excess becomes a passion dire,  
 Shuts up the heart, breeds foul deceit,  
 Will justify black, damned ingratitude,  
 With all the slippery ways by which mankind  
 Become enslaved to one man's good!  
 And such was mine. Bear with me—I scarce live  
 Enough to speak.

*Frans.* Nay, gently, be composed.

*Recl.* Two things lay heavy on my conscience:—  
 Thy father's death was one.

*Frans.*

My father's death!

*Recl.* 'Tis so.

Thy father fell by these repentant hands,—  
 'Twas not in treachery, but open fight,  
 Tho' that illegal, made the crime a murder!  
 The second is, that infant prince I stole:—  
 The lawful heir he is, of Sicily's throne:  
 He lives!  
 His name is Ferdinand, and thought the son  
 Of Cipriani.

*Frans.*

Say you that! but now

He bribed two villains for a sum of gold  
 To slay this youth; but that these fellows fell  
 In base attempt upon a virtuous maid—  
 It had been that the act were past recall.

*Recl.* Shall th'venom of this serpent never fail?

So he bribed me.—My av'rice caught the bait  
 At the Sicilian court; this wily duke  
 On some transaction deadly umbrage took  
 Concerning property of his; the which,  
 To be revenged, he did resolve to balk  
 The reigning family their race upon the throne,  
 By carrying off their only child, a son.  
 I, by a glittering heap of gold decoyed,  
 This bus'ness undertook to carry out.  
 With eagle's eye a fitting time I sought;  
 But still thy father, faithful, crossed my way,  
 Until one lovely eve, the infant prince,  
 With him now, King of Naples, in their play,  
 Despoiled a lily carved on th'Neptune fount.  
 In proof, you'll find that matchless work of art,  
 Of *Brocatello di siena* is,  
 And the restored part of *Mandelato*.

Amid some slight confusion, I the child  
 Bore off. Thy father, with a blood-hound scent,  
 Traced out my ev'ry step:—at last we met  
 Upon the Duke's domain: we fought, he fell,  
 And there his unshrived body lays enshrined  
 Between two oaks. To Paris, then, by means  
 Of menials, was the Prince conveyed,  
 Where at the time the Duchess did reside:  
 To make all sure, this lady's mouth was stopped,  
 She died by poison, to seal up the truth.  
 The boy in time returned:—the rest is known,  
 Hold with me but a while—I faint—oh! oh!

*Frans.* If nature doth retain a spark of life,  
 Take breath, for I would gladly hear, what more  
 Can interest, or help to save this youth.

*Recl.* My eyes grow dim—one moment, spirit, spare.  
 Still unabashed my vice of avarice,  
 Like to an avalanche, gained as it went,  
 Until my darling gold became a mountain,  
 Which, to preserve from mankind's craftiness,  
 This cell I made my dear repository,  
 And took this garb, to ward suspicion off.  
 No lover, in his fondest hour of joy,  
 Beheld his darling maid with half the rapture,  
 I did, this wealth, until one day for shelter,  
 There came a pious youth, an Englishman.  
 He left a book:—  
 I dare not name it here in Italy!  
 I read to ridicule; but oh! it turned  
 My eyes into my heart, and all my wealth  
 Became a proof of those black, damning spots  
 Which now lay rankling in my soul.

Oh! then I read, and prayed; and read, and prayed,  
For that sweet mercy I had never shown.

*Frans.* Nay, cheer you, father—you have seen your fault,  
And there was mercy for the dying thief  
Amidst his agonies upon the tree.

*Recl.* I have but one breath more!—oh! mercy, oh!  
These papers do record these facts—the wealth  
Is thine, and all I have to earn your love.  
Oh! do you music hear?

*Frans.* No, father, no!

*Recl.* Last night, I prayed this hour might come to me:  
And, as entranced, methought a form appeared,  
Whose texture was no bar unto the sight,  
Of most transcendent brightness, air, and mien.  
His look was mild, soft, noble, grand, extreme,  
Whose glance would awe the crime of half a world.  
He seemed to speak—methought these were his  
words:—

“ Thy faults of early years were registered,  
“ And vengeance doth belong to Heav’n alone;  
“ Thy deep contrition yet hath found a grace,  
“ And mercy to wipe out the record there.  
“ Ere hath to-morrow’s sun its noon-tide reached  
“ Upon this spot: time shall be granted thee,  
“ To make all retribution man can make;  
“ When thine immortal spirit must return  
“ To him who gave it.”

’Tis so, the hour is come. Those papers guard—  
See there, see there, he ’waits me—see—oh, see!

*Frans.* I see nothing.—

*Recl.* Nor hear! there’s music—hark!

*Frans.* Oh! cheer you, father; nothing do I hear.

*Recl.* 'Tis done. My eyes do swim; and in my throat  
My breath doth struggle. Oh! that man should sin,  
And yet must come to this. Oh! softly, oh!

[*He dies.*

[*Soft music.*

*Frans.* So all is past. Alas! poor wretch—if thou  
Thy pardon hast above, so thou hast mine.

[*Exit, removing the body into the cell.*

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Mountain.

*Enter 1st and 3rd Artizans, as Sentinels.*

*1st Art.* This weapon grows heavier, and time goes lazily.

*3rd Art.* Then ground your arms, and beguile your time, by  
answering me a question. How are we like a new  
married couple?

*1st Art.* I see no similarity, unless—let me see.

*3rd Art.* Aye, beat thy brains.

*1st Art.* Then, thus: if we get killed, we may chance lie  
together.

*3rd Art.* And the world will lie with us. See here, if  
we fall, the world calls us brave, devoted fellows. So, if  
two men say, the “happy couple” started, say for  
Malta, Palermo, Lyons, &c. Now, see how men lie.  
The two did not marry; the estates married, and the  
couple would have seen each other at the devil ere they  
bedded, if the estates needed not that consummation.

*1st Art.* See how men grow wise by degrees.

*3rd Art.* Again, why are we two like a disconsolate widow?

*1st Art.* I see no argument there; as she, at any rate, if she  
lie, lies by herself.



*3rd Art.* No, no; if she lie, the world lies with her.

*1st Art.* Stop there, stop.

*3rd Art.* Now see, this disconsolate weeper mourns me six months in seclusion, till her late lord's wealth be secured, when she emerges into the sun, to bask in it with a young gallant. So the couple are no more happy, nor the widow disconsolate, than we are brave and devoted:—so the word of courtesy lies, and the level of mankind settles not unlike water. Who goes there?

*Enter 2nd Art.*

*2nd Art.* A friend.

*3rd Art.* Your errand?

*2nd Art.* I am going to turn honest man.

*3rd Art.* Indeed! Has heaven turned you inside outwards?

*2nd Art.* Why?

*3rd Art.* That men might find you honest who thought you so.

*2nd Art.* I found this purse, and am going to Naples to open with it, and get an honest penny.

*3rd Art.* Where found you it?

*2nd Art.* In one of the thieves' pockets—good bye. [*Exit.*]

*1st Art.* The devil will always nurse his babes his own way. He was the biggest knave I ever knew; and, according to the saying, has the best luck.

*Enter 5th Brigand.*

*5th Brig.* Furies, catch that rascal. Which way took that sneaking, red-whiskered knave?

*3rd Art.* That, sir.

*5th Brig.* I'll teach the villain to handle my pockets. [*Exit.*]

*3rd Art.* What say you now?

*1st Art.* That if ever he chance see the devil, I think he is on the road there.

*Re-enter 5th Brigand.*

**5th Brig.** So you are safe again. The beggar will find the journey down two thousand feet—the shortest, and last, he'll ever make. [Exit.]

*Enter PRINCESS and CHARLOTTE, disguised as Riflemen.*

**Charl.** Madam.

**Princess.** Carlo, you will spoil all with your madam's—we are men now!

**Charl.** Sorry men! for if it be said women conquer men, as I live they conquer women first. Here are two of the banditti—now, heaven assist our maiden virtue, and unstained modesty!

**Princess.** They look not very fierce. We bear the king's commission, and I will address them.

**Charl.** Do so, madam.

**Princess.** Madam—Captain Floretta! As I live, if you have a man's equipment, and deal out your madams, you will find hungry appetites make small ceremony with your treasures.

**1st Art.** These be two of the king's rifles; they are in commission by their cross, and are dead shots.

**3rd Art.** They look but milk and water. I will answer them. When in the wrong, a good face serves for courage.

**Princess.** Sirrahs, what do you here?

**3rd Art.** We are sentinels, to keep watch; the magazine, and two tons of powder, are under our feet.

**Charl.** Madam, I shall faint!

**Princess.** Carlo, these are two fools. Sirs, know you, that being here, you come under the provision of the royal proclamation, by which you stand in peril. In the King's name, surrender!

*3rd Art.* In the King's name we would; but your voice is so gentle, your hands so white, and your beards are so in the smooth fashion of ungermed spring, we would rather have yielded when your softness had ripened into manhood.

*Princess.* For our manhood, we progress in due time, and the King's word is our mark thereof. For our hands, sir, the blood of valour lays in the heart and mind: for our beards, we will be content with as much as God shall preserve us from. For, if your wisdom or valour were measured by your beards, it were proved retrograding ere it progressed—you are our prisoners.

*3rd Art.* Upon the King's word only—is it not so, Lapstone?

*3rd Art.* Just so, only on the King's command.

*Princess.* Carlo, take charge of their muskets.

[*A flourish.*]

*Enter KING, ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, &c.*

*King.* Then all goes well. Whom have we here?

*Princess.* Your Majesty, two pris'ners have we ta'en,  
Dress'd in this trait'rous garb, and them have brought  
T'await the pleasure of your royal will.

*King.* This joke, Marina, goes almost too far:  
And you, you saucy minx! to brave my pow'r,  
And dare to meet me under such disguise.

*Charl.* I crave your Majesty forgive this fault.

In service of my lady most dread, sir,  
'Twas her's to wish; and mine her wish to obey.

*King.* Think'st thou Bassanio should not know his wife,  
When vain pert players will not hide their curls:  
I'm not a second. Let thy foolish love  
Again not lead thee on so wild a scheme.  
Where is thine own attire?

*Princess.* Here, close at hand,  
In care of some most honest cottagers.

*King.* Resume it, then, and quickly follow me.

[*Exeunt PRINCESS and CHARLOTTE.*]

*3rd Art.* We have been bamboozled by two women.

*1st Art.* 'Twas your fault; and now we are in a scrape, as the fox said to his leg in a trap.

*King.* What fools are you!

*3rd Art.* 'Bating something of our folly, your Majesty, we have injured none but ourselves; and having so far obeyed your orders, though from the mouths of two women—ladies, I should say,—we ask for pardon, and would go home: would we not, Lapstone?

*1st Art.* In truth I would, your Majesty; I am but a poor cobbler, and this man is a tailor.

*King.* Then get you gone, and if again I catch you at this game, beware that tree!

[*Exeunt CABBAGE and LAPSTONE.*]

*Enter CHIARINI, ADELINA, and FRANCESCO, guarded.*

How now!

Your business, sir?

*Officer.* So please your Majesty,  
Two brigands have been slain on this man's grounds;  
On both their persons marks of blood were found.  
This fellow caught we lurking near the place,  
Who doth stand charged in forcing the old man to sign  
A document for large amounts.

*King.* My leisure now is not to probe this case;  
Retain them in securest custody,  
And follow me with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—An open space, near the Bandits' Haunt.

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*Captain and sundry Bandits; FERDINAND, an English  
Artist, &c. are discovered.*

---

*Capt.* What left you to the Frenchman as he went?

*Band.* Five Louis, Captain.

*Capt.* Well, and who is this?

*Band.* An Englishman, so please you.

*Capt.* It doth not.

I hate an Englishman worse than a cat.

Pray what are you?

*Engl.* An artist.

*Capt.* Worse and worse.

What do you here?

*Engl.* I travel, sir, for study.

*Capt.* What money hath he?

*1st Band.* Scarce a beggar's mite.

*Capt.* Then o'er the cliff with him. For what should you,

A so-called artist, do in Italy,

And without money, but to mutilate

Of art those specimens so delicate,

Have cost to highest genius years of care,

To bring to such a pure perfection,

To make worse imitations of bad copies,

And with them cheat your noblemen at home.

To buy hot, from the potter's kiln and fire,  
 Herculaneum relics; then go swear,  
 And face it out, you saw them dug yourself!  
*Engl.* If, sir, my presence here give you offence,  
 Then let me go my way—why injure me?  
*Capt.* I hate your race, and you as one of them:  
 Away with him, I say.

Pray softly first.

*Ferd.* Why harm this youth? I grant you it is true  
 The English may lack taste to value works  
 Of highest art, and that they are inclined  
 To mutilate such works I also grant;  
 Their own Virginia water, and *that thing*  
 Of brick and plaster in their city's suburbs  
 Do loudly testify the fact; but yet,  
 We find both people singly, as when ta'en  
 In th' aggregate, have virtue with their faults  
 So wisely blended, that almost those faults  
 Partake the hue and favour of their virtues.  
 So 'tis with England, whose stupendous works  
 Do make our efforts seem the acts of pigmies;  
 Whilst her proud fleets plough up the surging wave  
 On every shore whereon the tide doth flow,  
 And spread civilization in their track:  
 So spare the youth.

*Capt.* Leave clacking, and away.  
 Over the precipice with him!

*Ferd.* Nay, hold,  
 And do not anger me—it is not safe.  
 You harm not him whilst life flows in my veins.

*Capt.* Dare you say thus?

*Ferd.* I dare, and dare maintain it.

A crime so useless shall not be committed,  
 And I a coward here stand looking on:  
 The blow shall take his life, must first take mine.

*Capt.* Then draw, thou beardless boudoir lackey boy,  
 You've men to deal with here.

*Ferd.* And you will find  
 You have your match at last.

[*They fight, and the Bandit falls.*

Oh! cursed thrust.

*Capt.* Let palsy blast thine iron arm—ha! ha!  
 Thy damned steel hath tapped my very heart!  
 My life flows fast—and demons grin to catch  
 Me thus at last—hell's pains are on my soul.  
 Oh! damn thy skill, and thee! [*He dies.*

*Ferd.* He cursing dies,  
 A death worthy of such a wretched life.

*A flourish, and enter KING, PRINCESS, CHARLOTTE,  
 LUSARDO, Officer, Guards, &c.*

*King.* What means this uproar? How! A man here dead,  
 And Ferdinand with blood-stained weapon drawn!  
 Your license, sir?

*Ferd.* I've none.

*King.* None!

*Ferd.* No, sir;—none!

*King.* How dar'st thou brave the proclamation thou  
 Thyself didst bear, and knew the penalty  
 Were death irrevocable, disregarded?

Remove that body! [*The body is borne off.*

*Ferd.* If it were to break  
 The proclamation of each king that reigns,

And ev'ry king decreed a sep'rate death,  
 I'd brave them all, ere I, a soldier!—stood  
 To witness such cold-blooded murder done,  
 As now I have prevented.

*King.* Then thou diest,  
 And here upon the spot.—Now, officer,  
 Here form for instant execution!

*Engl. (kneels)* Sire, humbly let an alien kneel to you:  
 But for this gallant youth, my scattered limbs  
 Had now bestrewed the plains—whose fertile soil  
 My blood had swallowed up. Let me not live;  
 Oh! do not let these eyes, whose light I owe to him,  
 Be blasted by the sight of so much goodness,  
 Stretched for my sake a blackened lifeless corpse.

*King.* Rise, sir, and know, 'twere better that thy life  
 And thousands such were lost, ere Naples law,  
 Became a scarecrow and a mockery.  
 He dies upon the spot.

*Princess.* Dear brother, pity!  
 Plead, Cipriani, for your son.

*Lus.* Your Highness:  
 This man to plead for him—oh! madam!  
 The butcher first will counsel for the lamb—  
 The spotted tiger spare the bleating flock,  
 Before this man would breathe a suppliant word  
 To save so good and brave a youth. How false,  
 Were nature's acts—if such a son were part,  
 Or kin, to him who claims to be his sire.

*Cipr.* When, babbler, I do need thy praise, I were  
 But poor indeed. You sire, did think my son,  
 My titles and estates, would best become.  
 This the result, no blame on me, can bring  
 To answer for.



*Princess.* My brother, dearest brother,  
 Oh! for your broken-hearted sister's sake,  
 Have pity, and revoke this cruel word.  
 My life is so entwined around this youth's,  
 His death will terminate in mine!

*King.* Sister,  
 The penalty he wantonly incurred.  
 Did not the Roman father sit himself,  
 See execution done upon his son.  
 And why? T'uphold the sacred pow'r of law.  
 Did not another his victorious son,  
 Like sentence pass upon, and gave the word,  
 Did spill his crimson stream of life—and why?  
 T'ensure th'efficacy of the law.  
 The rich being spared, the poor man's doom becomes  
 A murder—It must not be.

*Princess.* Sir, oh! spare.  
 For mercy, 'tis the attribute of God and Kings.  
 Do you not love me?—Call back days gone by.  
 When infants, we like two twin tender twigs  
 Entwined each other round—you loved me then.  
 In childhood still, the choicest toys or fruit,  
 You gave your sister,—and you loved her then.  
 In youth, when tasks were hard, or looks unkind,  
 Your sister was your care—you loved her then.  
 In study, you were there my help; in play,  
 My pleasure there was your's—you loved me then.  
 When older kindly you advised with me,  
 And gave me counsel.—Oh! you loved me then.  
 Oh! is love gone, and this dread act to come,  
 To blot out all the mem'ry of the past,  
 And render blank the future of my days?  
 Thus on my knees I'll bathe your hands with tears,  
 To soften if I can your cruel word.  
 Oh, spare! oh, spare!—for your poor sister's sake.

*King.* It cannot be. All, sister, I can grant,  
 As your dear brother, you command at will.  
 As guardian of our laws—law hath not ears  
 To hear, nor eyes to see, nor sensibility  
 To feel a pity: (for the headsman hath  
 A sorrow in his most unhappy duty)  
 We're so, the worst of men reigned paramount.

*Princess.* Tears then dry up; my joy of life is past.  
 Sir, death to you, come in what shape it would,  
 Were to tie up the action of my soul:  
 Make all my senses mute, and my poor life,  
 To render an eternal solitude.  
 But that your death comes by the hand of him  
 I call my brother, at one dreadful blow  
 Doth negative all nature's operations.  
 I cannot weep—I cannot weep.  
 Had I been peasant born, it had been well;  
 But so to love, and so to part—so lose.  
 Oh! my poor head—my brain, a scorching fire,  
 Doth rage within the region of my heart.  
 I'll seek some pious cloistered solitude,  
 And calm in pray'r this terror of my soul.

*Ferd.* Nay, yet be calm, fair lady! for your grief  
 Sits heavier on my soul, than doth the thought  
 Of speedy death!—To die, 'tis but to close  
 In balmy sleep, the sad world weary eye.  
 A shock, then all is past—when this poor clod  
 Of putrid clay hath but the property  
 Of carrion flesh, whilst the immortal spirit,  
 Doth wing her way into the realms  
 Of never-ending bliss—one kiss—one more,  
 And when your memory shall dwell on me,  
 Think of me as I am—I ask no more.  
 I'm ready.

*Princess.* Oh! I cannot—cannot weep.

*Lusardo.* Sire, the lady faints.

*King.* 'Tis well, and ere her reason comes—

This stain upon our blood is wiped away.

*[The soldiers form on command, and prepare for execution: which done, Ferdinand kneels before them.—During this the following takes place: CUPID and HYMEN sing from behind—*

Lady, lady, be of cheer,

*Princess.* Hark! Hark! Do you hear that? Where  
are these?—See!

*Charl.* My lady wanders, sire.—Oh! pity her,

And do not let this cruel act proceed.

*Princess.* I wander not—again, I hear the voice—

CUPID and HYMEN finish the couplet.

For the rescue now is here!

*[The officer then gives the word—ready, present—when a noise and struggle is heard.*

*Frans.* *[without.]* Loose me, I say. Loose me, sirs,  
—the King!

I will see him for his own sake.

*He enters, followed by CHIARINI, ADELINA, and GUARDS.*

Hold, Hold,—fire not!

Oh! sir, if life had ever breath, or breath  
Gave utterance, pause ere this deed is done:  
Which done, would render your now happy life  
A barren waste—an arid wilderness:

Which all the products of the mighty globe  
 One drop of comfort would not fertilize,  
 To ease the anguish of your misery.

*Princess.* Is't passed?

*Frans.* Sweet lady, no; nor cannot be.

Oh! let the blush of joy illumine again  
 Your maiden cheek—none dare to harm the youth.

*Princess.* Say so, and may the concentrated grace  
 Of heav'n, and happiest portion of the earth,  
 Be your's, and bless you—bless t'eternity.

*King.* Ere you speak for another, clear yourself.  
 You do stand charged with crimes against the law;  
 As accessory, first, in case of murder:  
 And secondly, with forcing this old man  
 To sign a paper for a large amount.

*Frans.* Before I answer, sire, I'll shew my face,  
 I hope an honest one.

*[He takes off his false hair.]*

This lady, sir,  
 Is my affianced bride; to whom her father  
 Denied me due access, unless I called my own  
 A certain sum: which, to accomplish I  
 This order did enforce from him—take it.

*[Gives it to CHIARINA]*

And yet I claim my bride. For those two villains;  
 I slew the men—and why? Within their grasp,  
 My beauteous love I found, and but for me  
 A moment had bereft yon virtuous maid,  
 Of all that gave a value to her worth.  
 In the act I slew them, and where lies the fault?  
 When villains roam unheeded by the law,  
 Then nature hath a law:—I used it so.

Did I a wrong, according to the treaties  
Existing 'twixt this realm and Sicily,  
Whose subject here I stand, I do appeal  
Unto the King of my fair native land.

*King.* Thou'rt mad—no King hath Sicily for years—  
That state is ruled by regency, in hopes  
The missing heir may yet be brought to light.

*Frans.* Bid but this noble youth; and this bad man,  
To answer me: if I find not the King,  
Then let me die to answer my deceit.

*King.* Say on.

*Frans.* Did you once know Fransesco of Palermo?  
Fransesco, sir, of the OTTANGOLO.

*Cipr.* I did.

*Frans.* He died.

*Cipr.* 'Tis very probable.

*Frans.* Where lies he buried?

*Cipr.* Do you think me, boy,  
A parish sexton?

*Frans.* Were you such a man,  
Perchance you were a better than you are.  
Beneath unhallowed ground unshrived his corse,  
Enshrined lies, between two stately oaks  
On your domain. Perhaps you also know  
A man was named Gonzaldo?

*Cipr.* Thou villain,  
Thou diest, braying ass.

[*He attempts to kill him.*

*King.* Disarm the man:

Sir, art thou hurt?

*Frans.* Nay, not a scratch, my lord.

*Lus.* I think, my lord, the duke was deepest hurt.  
Poor dotard—Oh! this youth hath bravely touched  
Some unsound string within thy harden'd case,

Which shall produce a music so discordant,  
To set for triumph imps of hell to dance.

*Princess.* Lusardo, hold thy peace: my expectation  
Lies on the rack. Oh! gentle youth, proceed; —  
Thy word presageth such conclusion,  
As would a joy infuse to all around.

*Frans.* I, in defiance, here throw down my glove,  
And 'gainst the world do challenge contradiction.  
[*He kneels.*—You heir are to the throne of Sicily,  
And I your subject say—God save the King!

[*Huzzas and flourish.*

My proofs are here; Gonzaldo's purer part,  
But now hath left its earthly case and fled  
Into the realms of an eternal life.  
What now remains of him, within doth lay  
A musket shot of this. His act,  
The last that issued from his parting frame,  
Was to commit these papers to my charge,  
With strict injunction to see justice done  
To this most injured youth.

*King.* Oh! this is well.

These papers bear distinctive evidence  
Of all the facts that you narrate They e'en  
Describe the different marbles of the fountain,  
Both of construction and amended damage.  
They also, as a reparation, make  
Provision for this person as the heir  
Unto Gonzaldo's wealth, seeing the death  
His father met, came in a strife with him.  
This we confirm, and by our will proclaim  
You Ferdinand the King of Sicily; [*Flourish.*  
But with this man what shall be done with him?

*Lus.* Do any thing dread, sire, but don't forgive him.

*Ferd.* As he stood by and would have seen me fall,  
And you, and your dear sister, been for life  
Aggrieved by such an act of sorrow,  
Let him within his palace be confined  
Until this matter hath been clearly probed.

*King.* Then be it so.

*Francis.* This cannot be. This pow'r  
The crown hath not: I charge him now to be  
Attainted of high treason, having here,  
With wilful knowledge risked this monarch's life.—  
He must abide the judgment of his peers.

*Lus.* Oh! you are caught in your own trap at last.  
Oh! if the devil find more damned sauce  
To thy accursed dinner, sons of hell  
Will hang thee by the heels, to shew how dear  
They love those they betray, and then desert.

*King.* Upon these grounds he cannot be at large;  
Remove him in safe custody.

*Cip.* I'll leave  
Behind me, my dread curses on you all.  
The Court of Sicily did me a wrong;  
To satisfy revenge I stole the child.  
As good from virtue flows, so crime from crime.

*Frans.* This man, Gonzaldo—at whose very name  
The valour of this noble duke springs up,  
Was bribed by him, upon some courtly grudge,  
To steal a beauteous infant in whose service  
My father was. True to his hallowed trust  
My father tracked the man. On the domain  
Of this same duke they met—my father fell,  
And now lies buried as I have described.  
This child was unto Paris sent, where then  
The lady of the duke had residence:

Passed for her son, but it was prudent thought  
To buy her silence with a deadly drug.

*Lus.* Oh! dotard—villain!

*Princess.* Peace, again I say.

*Frans.* At a maturer age he was brought back.

This is that noble boy.

*Lus.* Said I not true,

A serpent ne'er begat a lion's cub.

*King.* Silence, sir.

*Frans.* In proof of this, the spot whence he was borne  
Was from the Palace Garden—here in Naples;  
Upon the night, when at the Neptune fountain  
Two children brake a lily—an ornament.

*Ferd.* Say that again! and say thy words are true.  
The broken lily!—I, 'twas I did it,  
In company of my young playmate;  
'Twas said we should be kings, an hundred times,  
Unto Lusardo here have I described the fact.  
This lady knows I recognized the spot.

*Princess.* 'Tis true, altho' that noble work of art  
Was hid beneath less noble works of nature.

*King.* Oh! brother—it was you and I in play  
Did this. Then art thou King of Sicily!  
Nor doubt I we can valid make the claim.  
But I must claim a pardon at your hands;  
Yet, brother, you conceive I knew you not!  
Now, Cipriani, what say you to this?

*Capri.* A trick; a trick. Oh! that the world should see  
Such foolish brains in kingly heads—a trick!  
What! Give away a crown—the pinnacle,  
The substance, length and breadth of all that man  
Can have ambition to obtain; as well  
As to divert the current of the blood  
Doth flow in Royal veins in purity.



Forsooth upon the word of such a prig;  
 A scamp—a half-starved woman's waiting boy:  
 But now set on by some unseemly knave,  
 To ruin me, and to pollute a throne!  
 Then for my wrongs, may waking drunkard's horrors  
 Sit fast upon your souls;—a leprosy  
 Waste all your days, and all your children live.  
 To curse you meeting an untimely death.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

*Ferd.* This youth at least doth merit some reward.

*Frans.* Th'acknowledgment is, sir, my great reward:

But grant fulfilment of those papers, I  
 Am satisfied. Yet plead for me awhile  
 To this old man, that I may wed his daughter.

*Chiar.* I have esteemed you. You have my consent;  
 So you have her's.

*Adel.* Mine, well he knows he hath,  
 And I do hope, a second time, no cause  
 Will make him seem another than he is.

*Frans.* The heav'ns drop blessings, but I love you dearly.

*Ferd.* I think, sir, now, it is my turn.—Fair lady!  
 You're sad.

*Princess.* I thought you mine; your greatness now,  
 Becomes to me a greater dread than did  
 Your first abasement.

*Ferd.* Give me reason why;

*Princess.* As King, you're part and parcel of the state,  
 And for its weal your future marriage were.  
 And now your own affections must be curbed;  
 Your love reigned in, whilst all your hopes remain  
 Subservient to the public happiness.  
 Were you another's, I could not survive:  
 And it may be the state decrees it so.

*Ferd.* I am a King—a pair of such true hearts,  
 The pow'rs above nor here could ever sever :  
 Here live, here hope, here love, here joy, here die.  
*[They embrace.]*

*Princess.* My cup of joy is full to th'overflow :  
 And my heart dances in my heaving breast,  
 Like to the shadow of the silver moon,  
 Gamboling on the playful briny wave :  
 One wish doth yet lurk there, grant it, I pray,  
 Lusardo and this youth, allow some place  
 And occupation, to be near the court.

*Ferd.* Then be it so.

*King* Our joy is now complete,  
 And may the perils of your loves remain  
 A contrast to your future happiness.

*Lus.* I do beseech your grace, all hearts being full,  
 Of this your great advancement and escape ;  
 That when you wed, I also may evade,  
 The ills of single life with this dear maid.

*Ferd.* Why you, Lusardo, can't consent alone ;  
 Consent the lady, and your cause is won.

*Charl.* I do confess, successfully, he sued,  
 And wed—I hope he'll ne'er repent he woo'd :  
 Should he, I hope no other blot will stay,  
 Upon the mem'ry of this happy day !

*CUPID and HYMEN appear.*

*King.* But who are these ?

*Princess.* Our prophets list to them :  
 Speak they—the hist'ry of our love is clear.

## AS AN EPILOGUE.

*Hymen.* We prophecied truly. To you we gave a love—  
more than prince, but not a king: now, your lover was  
king, *de facto*, not *de jure*.

*Cupid.* That is lawyers' latin, brother.

*Hymen.* Well, and lawyers' latin is the most money getting  
latin. To you, we promised a love—more than princess,  
to be a future queen—this is done; your love was next  
the throne and will be queen. To you we promised  
worth and happiness. Sir, value your love as is her due.  
You, lady, let not your national gravity mistake Italian  
gaiety of temper for evil intentions.

*Cupid.* Will you, brother, prophecy, what our friends here  
will say?

*Hymen.* There you take from me the ephemeral essence of  
my nature, and reduce me to pure humanity.

Friends, have we amused, instructed, or entertained  
you? I pray you:

Let me not go from hence, sadly in sorrow,

But say:

May we perform this play again to-morrow,

*or Saturdays.*

*Cupid.* Stay, brother, surely you must leave out one day.

*Hymen.* 'Tis true:

But may we play this play again on Monday.

FINIS.

## NOTE (a.)

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It will be seen by the above italic letter it was my intention to have added notes to this little work, but at present I must content myself with explaining what the English reader may see with surprise, that a duty placed upon "ice" did produce a commotion, which for a time placed the city of Naples in the hands of the Lazzaroni. In such a climate as ours it may appear strange; but in the city of Naples, in Sicily, the Lipari Islands and vicinities ice is a necessary of life—the reason whereof may be thus explained.

The experimental chemists divide the atmosphere into "oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen," &c., nor do I doubt, that those gentlemen find the fluids they call by such names; but I conceive it is now established, that the grand phenomena of nature are the results of two universal (as far as this globe is concerned) pervading influences—I mean "electricity" and "magnetism." That they do pervade, need not be disputed, as it is evident to the senses; also, that their action is transverse, and at right angles.

The first of these may be said, to cause heat, life, (animal and vegetable) fertility, expansion, fluidity, &c.: the second, cold, decay, sterility, condensation, consolidation, &c.—Upon this theory, we account for the formation of dew, hail, condensation of the air into clouds; for thunder, lightning, the altitudes of vapor, &c.; snow, and the formation of water at high elevations, according to the proportions in which these influences exist.

It may serve perhaps as an analogy to observe, that in this country we rectify the deficiency of the first of these principles by imparting to the surrounding atmosphere heat in some shape, bituminous mineral we prefer, as the carbon therein counteracts the sulphureous matter. Now, in the countries above-named, the volcanic substance approaches so near the surface, as to evolve a very large proportion of electric heat, besides that derived from the sun, so that the impunity with which the Neapolitana

&c. take ice, or iced-water, in the hottest days, and the necessity for it, seems to account for no evil arising therefrom upon the above theory, that it is as necessary to balance the effect of the two influences in Naples, Sicily, &c. with cold or magnetic effect, as it is in England, to counteract the other, by solid food and artificial electricity—so that the cry of “No tax on ice” is explained upon reason and nature.

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Should this Play be performed, I would recommend its curtailment, more especially that part of the last scene of the fourth act, in which the ladies are supposed to be in disguise. I required the scene to finish the character of the dishonest mechanic.

I intended to have added my likeness, to have been placed in the hands of my friends; but the drawing and stone are in the possession of the artist, and I am not acquainted with his present address.

I have, unfortunately, to deplore the loss of my friend, (the lady to whom this Play is dedicated) whose sudden demise has occurred since the type was set up, and I am sure it has caused a sorrow, with those who knew her, not easily to be obliterated.

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#### ERRATA.

Page 30, line 13, read “golden substance.”

15,		leave out “substance.”
31,	7,	for “their” read “they’re.”
40,		last line, for “human” read, “humane.”
60,	3,	for “braved” read “passed,” or “endured.”
64,	4,	for “gulph” read “gulp.”
80	21,	for “consider,” read “considered.”

